McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.50 Per Year.

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THE BOROUGH COUNCIL HOLDS MONTHLY MEETING

Monthly Bills Were Ordered to be Paid by Treasurer.

IMPROVEMENTS RECOMMENDED.

Borough Lockup to Receive Attention—Bridges to be Inspected—Ordinance Relating to Wooden Improvements Within Fire Limits Interpreted.

The regular monthly meeting of the Smethport borough council was held at the hose house on Monday evening and much business of importance was transacted. The meeting was called to order by President J. C. Backus at 8:20 p. m., with the following members present: Backus, Daly, Denning, Engstrom, Irons and Raymer.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved as read.

The following bills were read:

Backus Novelty Co., making box	$0.40
McKean Co. Miner, publishing ordinance No. 87	1.65
Chas. D. Reese, dog tags	3.75
Samuel Green, team work	15.25
Chris. McCarthy, labor on tower	15.00
Wm. Holcomb, labor on streets	5.00
Sam Tanner, team work	32.63
Mike Otis, labor on street	1.00
Jake McBride, labor on street	12.00
C. Larson, team work	18.00
John Cramsie, St. Com., April	60.00
Frank McCarthy, police, April	60.00
V. B. Bouton, attorney	12.50
E. D. Comés, overcharge on sewer	15.87
M. E. Backus, quarantine officer	20.00
Daly & Garlick, hardware	19.22
A. H. Kidder, labor & lumber	21.67

Mover by Denning, seconded by Engstrom, that bills as read be paid. Carried.

The burgess reported $11.00 received from fines during the month.

The secretary reported $3.00 received from W. V. Provin for cleaning sidewalk.

C. Herzog appeared before the council and asked for a permit to erect a connecting link between the store and house on Main street, within the fire limits, occupied by James Nahara as a fruit store and dwelling, and presented a letter from an insurance agent stating that the proposed addition would not increase the fire risk on that or adjoining property. Before taking action on the permit the borough attorney, who was present, was consulted and gave the opinion that the ordinance pertaining to building wooden structures within the fire limits did not cover Mr. Herzog's proposed building, therefore no action was taken by the council further than to inform Mr. Herzog that they had no power to stop him from making the proposed improvement.

The bridges on Mechanic street across the raceway near Brasted's bakery were reported to be in bad condition and upon motion a committee composed of Raymer, Daly and Engstrom was appointed to investigate their condition and report at the next regular meeting.

Burgess Harry L. Backus reported that the sanitary condition of the borough lockup was not what it should be and recommended some improvements. On motion a committee composed of Denning, Irons and Daly was appointed by the chair, with the request that the burgess act with them, and report at the next regular meeting.

The fire alarm committee reported that the new bell would be ringing the following day. They made good in this promise.

The meeting adjourned at 10 p. m.

AUCTION SALE.

Furniture, Buggies, Etc., at Wells' Residence on Cemetery Street.

I will offer at Public Auction at my residence on Cemetery street on Tuesday afternoon, May 14, at 2 o'clock, a large quantity of furniture, household goods, buggies, wagons, harnesses, etc.

Here is a chance to get many staple, useful articles at your own price. Don't fail to attend this sale Tuesday afternoon.

H. C. WELLS.

CUT FLOWERS.

Cut flowers for Mothers Day on sale at Specht & Sasse's furniture store, Saturday afternoon and evening.

R. C. SASSE. 2t

MRS. ALFRED PETERSON.

Estimable Woman Dies From an Uncommon Disease.

Mrs. Alfred Peterson died at her home a short distance west of this place on the Mt. Jewit road at 8:30 Tuesday evening, May 7, 1912, aged about 42 years.

The cause of her death was pellagra, a very uncommon disease in this country and said to be the first ever reported in this county. Although quite common in some of the foreign countries pellagra is so seldom found in this country that little is known of remedies and therefore it is almost always fatal. It starts with a rash on the face and hands, followed by loss of flesh, hands become crusted, disturbances of the stomach and bowels and later melancholy, loss of mind and finally death. Mrs. Peterson had been suffering from this disease about a year and death relieved her sufferings before her mind becam seriously impaired. The disease is said to be caused by eating or handling decayed or unwholesome food, more especially vegetables and the mystery is how this estimable woman contracted it.

Miss Emma Paulson was born and spent her early life in Kanesholm. On May 2, 1896, she was united in marriage to Alfred Peterson of this place. Two children, Miss Agnes, aged 15, and Waldemer, aged 9, were born to bless this union and with their father survive to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate wife and mother.

Mrs. Peterson was a devout member of the Swedish Lutheran church, a good neighbor and a most estimable woman and her decease will be deeply mourned by a large circle of friends.

The funeral services will be held on Friday. Rev. J. W. McGavern will hold a prayer at the home at 10 a. m., after which the body will be taken to Mt. Jewett where the funeral services will be held at the Swedish Lutheran church, Rev. Freedenberg officiating. Her remains will be laid at rest in the cemetery at that place.

OUR NEW FIRE ALARM.

It Has Been Erected and is Ready for Business.

Smethport's new fire alarm, the magnificent gift of Hon. Henry Hamlin, is now ready for business. The tower, which is sixty feet high and of structural steel, was completed on Monday, and on Tuesday morning the big bell, which weighs 2000 pounds, was raised to the top of the tower and hung. The roof of the tower has not been completed, but will be in a few days.

The first test of this alarm was given Tuesday afternoon and the clear, distinct tones could easily be heard in any part of the town. The tones are sweeter than is usual for fire alarms, but after it has been used for fire purposes for a time the tones will no longer be sweet music to the ears of our people.

While this bell was being hoisted to its place Tuesday morning, what might have been a very serious accident, but was a very lucky one, occurred. One of the anchor chains broke when the bell was nearly in place and let this monster fall almost the entire sixty feet to the ground. It kept in the center of the tower and struck squarely in the soft mud and therefore was not damaged in the least. The second attempt was successful in every way.

A large crowd was present to see it hoisted the first time, but when the news of its fall became noised about town a much larger crowd watched it until it was safely fastened in the top of the tower.

Smethport now has a first-class fire bell and everyone feels greatly indebted to its donor for a much better bell than the borough could afford to buy.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are forbidden to enter upon or trespass on pasture lot on west side of Nelson street, Smethport borough, lying between creek and Kushequa R. R., under penalty of law.

J. A. McKEAN,
F. D. GALLUP. 1t

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS.

The 1912 dog tags have arrived and all persons in Smethport borough owning dogs must tag same at once. Tags may be had at The Miner office or from "Doc" Hazen.

HARRY L. BACKUS.
2t Chief Burgess.

BANK FUNDS FOR PERSONAL USE

M. M. Pomeroy Uses $46,000 of Citizens Bank of Port Allegany.

News has reached here that Mark M. Pomeroy, formerly a clerk in the Citizens Bank at Port Allegany and well-known here, has taken and used funds belonging to that banking institution amounting to about $46,000.

It is further stated that when this fact was discovered by the bank examiner that Mr. Pomeroy made a complete confession of his peculations and had all of his property, which will amount to something less than $10,000, turned over to the bank, and that the balance of the deficiency has been made up by his father-in-law, T. W. Camp, of this borough.

Mr. Pomeroy, in his confession, stated that he had been using money belonging to the bank for the past eight years and that the amounts taken at one time had seldom if ever exceeded $500, but amounts of this size and smaller had been taken at intervals until this enormous sum had been reached.

Since the above has come to light the writer has talked with a number of men familiar with the banking business and all of these gentlemen are at a loss to know how he could have so covered up his work that this shortage was not known to other officials of the bank.

The Citizens Bank was only capitalized at $50,000, and has not been making money fast, and yet this young man, with a cashier over him as well as a bookkeeper working with him, has managed to take 92 per cent. of the whole capital stock before the shortage was detected, and it is rumored that he told a friend that if he had had 15 minutes warning before the bank examiner came in on him he would not have been found out then.

One banker told the writer that to the best of his knowledge it was the largest amount, considering the size of the bank, that ever had been taken by an employee, and it was utterly beyond his understanding how he could have gotten any such an amount before his shortage was discovered.

Mr. Pomeroy is well known here and, heretofore, has always borne an excellent reputation and the news was a shock to his many friends in Smethport. Mrs. Pomeroy, who was a former Smethport girl, and other members of his family, have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends in Smethport.

BOLD, BAD GYPSIES.

They Have Been Annoying Portville and Eldred People.

A large gang of twenty wagons of gypsies containing sixty-eight women, eighteen men and some children were in this village Thursday and Friday and proved to be a very tough bunch.

The women went to houses begging and in one instance that we know of where the lady of the house was alone five of the women came in and stole money and things to eat before they could be driven out.

Nearly every store in town received a visit from two or more of the dirty, ragged fortune tellers and at the tannery and basket factory, they made themselves so bold and indecent that the fire hose was turned on them.

Eldred fared no better, as money and other articles were snatched from stores and homes.

Seventeen dollars was taken from the pocket of Mr. Weagroff of Olean, but was later recovered.

Such roaming bands of bold thieves should be rounded up and kept off the highways.—Portville Review.

MASSER'S HARDWARE.

The Public is Invited to See our New Stock of Goods.

The public is cordially invited to call at my store in the Hamlin building and look over my new stock of Hardware which is arriving every day.

My aim is to give every person who becomes a customer of this store full value for his money and as good goods as are on the market. Every article is guaranteed to be just as represented when sold.

I have some very attractive bargains which you should see and you are cordially invited to give me a call whether you want to buy or not.

Yours to serve,

CHAS. W. MASSER.

SEED POTATOES FOR SALE.

New York State White. $1.75 per bushel.

3t C. H. GLEASON.

SMETHPORT NO LONGER FEARS SMALLPOX.

Time for Outbreak Since Exposure Lapsed Yesterday.

NO CASE HAS DEVELOPED IN TOWN.

All the Families Under Quarantine Have Been Released—S. G. Bush's Residence Was Fumigated—Much Credit Due Local Board of Health.

The time having lapsed yesterday when there was any danger of smallpox breaking out among those exposed by the visit of Mrs. William Voorhees of Olean, the quarantine has been lifted from all the houses where suspects were confined and Smethport is again free from the fear of an outbreak of this disease.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush, parents of Mrs. Voorhees, where she visited, was fumigated yesterday.

The fact that we have not had a case of smallpox in town is probably due to the diligence of the local board of health, insomuch as this organization insisted on a rigid enforcement of regulations and were careful about having all buildings where Mrs. Voorhees had been, fumigated promptly and used the utmost precautions to prevent the spread of the disease in case it did break out.

To some who were kept in quarantine it may seem hard as long as no cases developed but they should remember that it probably is due to these precautions that we have had no outbreak of this dreaded disease.

We learn that Mrs. Voorhees had only a mild attack and is getting along nicely.

JOHN M. LARKIN IS HEAD OF COMPANY.

Succeeds the Late W. H. Mandeville as President of Long Established Insurance Agency.

Form the Olean Times, Saturday, May 4:

At a meeting of the directors of the W. H. Mandeville Company, held at their office this afternoon, a reorganization was effected to fill the vacancy in the office of president caused by the death of the late W. H. Mandeville. The following officers were chosen: Pfesident, John M. Larkin; vice-president, W. Harry Mandeville; secretary and treasurer, William L. Pelton.

The agency was organized in 1860 and in 1905 it was incorporated and by an agreement entered into at that time, at the death or withdrawal of Mr. Mandeville, Messrs. Larkin and Pelton could then acquire additional interests, giving them the opportunity of continuing the business.

At this meeting the terms of this agreement were fiulfilled. Mr. Larkin and Mr. Pelton were associated with the late Mr. Mandeville in the insurance business for over twenty years. During that time they have gained a large acquaintance and formed a wide circle of friends who will be pleased at their success.

The agency has established a reputation for fair dealing and honorable methods and is especially in a position to render to its patrons very efficient service as insurance agents. The gentlemen composing it have a thorough knowledge of the business and it will be their aim to keep the reputation of the Agency up to the highest standard. They already have contributed a large part in building up the present business. They are represented by the W. H. Mandeville Company twenty leading fire companies, with a combined capital of over $50,000,000, and several leading companies in all other branches of the insurance business.

Mrs. W. H. Mandeville retains an interest in the Agency and Mr. W. Harry Mandeville will enter the office to become actively engaged in the business. He will devote a large amount of his time to the field work and developing the real estate branch. The Agency's operations cover Cattaraugus and Allegany counties in New York state; also McKean, Potter, Cameron and Elk counties in Pennsylvania and a separate agency is maintained at Port Allegany, Pa., for the conduct of Pennsylvania business. It

Lawn Mowers Sharpened.

1t HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

RESOLUTIONS.

Adopted By Local Lodge of Lady Maccabees in Memory of Mrs. A. H. Kidder.

Whereas the Angel of Death has visited Brown Hive, and taken from us our beloved sister and Lady Commandant, Elizabeth I. Kidder, and

Whereas, we remember well the loving service, the friendly counsel and the cheering smile of our sister who has passed beyond, and

Whereas, we do mourn deeply the loss from our fraternal circle, of these our sister's many virtues, while we believe that Our Father, who has seen fit so to bereave us, doeth all things well, be it

Resolved, that we, the members of Brown Hive No. 48 of the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World, at Smethport, do hereby tender to the family of our deceased sister our sincere sympathy in this our common loss, and

Resolved, that in token of our sorrow and sympathy our charter be draped in mourning for a period of ninety days, and

Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of our Hive, a copy be sent to the family, and that they be printed in both The McKean County Miner and McKean County Democrat.

EMMA CUMMINGS,
THERESA McCARTHY,
LENA HYDE.

A FREAK EXPLOSION.

Gas Engine Works Havoc in Potter Enterprise Office.

The Coudersport Democrat says: One of the most remarkable instances of the freak notions of gas was exemplified at about 10 o'clock Wednesday morning in the office of the Potter Enterprise. The operators were having some trouble in starting the engine. Mr. Stokes stood at the head of the engine. His son, Howard, was turning the fly wheel, while the foreman, Mr. Reese, was operating the valves. The engine stood on a brick and concrete foundation. The frame consisted of a hollow cast iron casing about one-half inch in thickness. After repeated trials to start the engine Mr. Stokes requested Howard, who was at the wheel to go to the telephone and call up Machinist Gordiner. Howard had barely left the engine when a terrific explosion of gas occurred, tearing the frame to pieces and breaking the balance wheel from the shaft. Fragments of metal went crashing through the partitions on the lefthand side of the engine where a moment before Howard had stood. Had he been there he would have been killed. The cause of the explosion is somewhat of a mystery, but it is thought that gas had accumulated inside the casing and was ignited during their efforts to start.

MISS BARTON MEMORIAL.

Philadelphia School for Nurses Will Hold Service May 14.

A National Memorial service for the late Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, will be held in Philadelphia on May 14th under the auspices of the Philadelphia School for Nurses, one of the philanthropic institutions which she helped to found. Rachel Stratton of Keating township, who was at one time a student in this school has been personally invited to attend the Memorial service.

High officials of the nation and of all the states, including all the governors, have been invited to participate, but as the time is so short it is not expected that there officials will be able to do more than express their sentiments in writing.

There will be, as a part of the program, an exhibition of the practical Red Cross work which Miss Barton organized and developed in America and a very distinguished company is expected to attend.

Hon. Norris S. Barratt, of Common Pleas Court No. 2, will preside. Dr. Eugene Underhill, secretary of the Philadelphia School for Nurses will deliver the memorial tribute to Miss Barton, who died on April 12, 1912, at "Red Cross," her home near Glen Echo, Md.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

Advertise in The Miner.

THE PLATFORM.

Pennsylvania Republicans Declare Party Principles.

The following platform was adopted by Republicans of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg in convention assembled on Wednesday of last week:

The Platform.

We, the delegates in this convention, come together with a commission, imposed on us directly by the Republican voters of Pennsylvania. Their instructions to us are specific and clearly defined, given after thorough discussion of the issues and bearing the inviolable seal of the popular will expressed in a free election. Realizing the solemn duty that we have been directed to perform, we hereby declare our faith in the cardinal principles of the Republican party of Abraham Lincoln, which we have been instructed by the Republican electorate to reaffirm.

There has never been a time since Lincoln's when it was so important that those principles should be clearly defined and generally understood. This Nation is passing through a period of social and economic revolution. It is essentially a peaceful revolution. Its paramount issue is as old as civilization. It is the age-long conflict between human rights and special privilege.

The Republican party came into existence solely upon this issue of the conflict between the rights of mankind and arrogated powers of money. All special privilege of Lincoln's day revolved about human slavery. Its influence ruled the affairs of the Nation. It controlled big business. It was supreme in the drawing rooms of wealth. It dominated State and National Legislatures. It pervaded the highest courts of the Nation.

The United States Supreme Court held that human beings were but chattels, the personal property of other human beings. Abraham Lincoln arose as the champion of human rights. He announced the doctrine that propert rights are absolute over those of man. He unsparingly attacked the Supreme Court decision. He called upon his countrymen to rally to the defense of humanity.

The Republican party which he founded rose to power upon its covenant with the people, that this Nation should have "a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, for the people and by the people should not perish from the earth."

It cost a civil war a half century ago to destroy special privileges, the chief citadel of which was slavery. Lincoln and the Republican party achieved this destruction of special privilege by making the rule of the people supreme instead of rule by that representative part of the people which had supported slavery.

Great Material Development.

After the war the people, wearied by years of strife and bloodshed, turned their thoughts to peaceful business pursuits. Then followed an era of the greatest material development and expansion in all history. The Nation's seemingly inexhaustible natural resources were given generously to those who would exploit them. It seemed a wise policy for all. Fortunes were acquired by many and great wealth by a few strong men.

Then came a period of concentration and combination of financial and industrial power, the mightiest the world has ever known. This power reached out for the remaining natural resources, the end of which was already in sight. This concentrated power obtained special rights from State and National Legislatures. It strengthened and enlarged itself through control of credit. It became the dominant influence in social and business life.

It was special privilege sprung to life again and grown strong and insolent. It was the same vicious principle which Lincoln and the Republican party had destroyed 50 years ago, but renewed and in control of the Nation in a more dangerous because a more insidious form.

Special privilege again dominated the Nation's business and social and political life. It filled seats in the State and National legislatures at will. It was again supreme in the drawing rooms of wealth. It masked behind the judge upon the bench and directed court decisions. Its power was stronger than the fabric of the law. It was more potent than the Government itself.

It controlled the greater agencies of productive enterprise. It ruled the

(Continued on Page 8.)

Trembling Road

By Kate Cleves

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

As the train steamed away from the little station, Carrington turned to the group of loungers who were preparing to vacate the benches along the wall of the building.

"I want to go to the old Fletcher place," he said; "I will be obliged if you can tell me how to reach it."

"Stranger here?" asked the man addressed.

"Yes."

"Then somebody'll have to show the way. It's down Trembling road—anybody going down that way?" The speaker blinked near-sightedly at his companions, but with one excuse or another they melted away around corners or down the road until there remained only Carrington and the man he had questioned.

Carrington smiled quizzically. "Not a popular promenade, I take it?" he remarked.

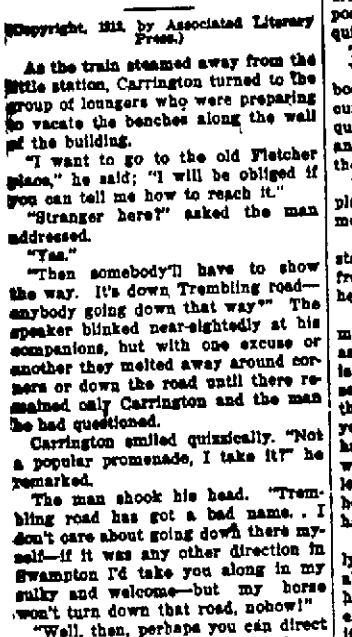
The man shook his head. "Trembling road has got a bad name. I don't care about going down there myself—if it was any other direction in Swampton I'd take you along in my sulky and welcome—but my horse won't turn down that road, nohow!"

"Well, then, perhaps you can direct me to it," observed Carrington impatiently.

"I can set you down at the entrance; get into my rig here and I'll take you down a piece." He arose and walked toward the yellow "sulky" and the sorrel horse drooping in the heat of the afternoon

Carrington tossed his bag between his feet and balanced himself carefully as the frail vehicle creaked down a winding road toward the village of Swampton His companion said nothing during the brief time it took the sorrel horse to traverse the half mile to the beginning of Trembling road

"Here you be!" declared the driver, bringing the horse to a standstill. "Much obliged; I'll save them cigars for Sunday, sure! This is Trembling



"Has Some One Come to Buy the Place?"

road, and the Fletcher place is half a mile down—you can't miss it, because it's the only house on the road."

Carrington noted that the trees grew closely to the very borders of the road, and the road itself bore little evidence of travel, grass grew along the tracks of ancient wheels.

Trembling road wound in and out among the closely pressing trees of the forest, slightly descending as it went; sometimes it narrowed to scarcely more than a footpath and again it broadened at some point where the forest had retreated in a deep curve.

It was a strangely gloomy road, even on this bright June afternoon, and Carrington wondered what must be the aspect of the Fletcher place, which he had come to examine in behalf of a client who wanted to buy a country home for a mere song. The Fletcher place had been advertised for sale. Hence Carrington's appearance.

He was not favorably impressed by the approach to the place, although his client was rich enough to cut new roads, level hills and deflect rivers, if need be.

He came upon it suddenly and stopped short The forest had thinned to a plantation of young locusts, heavy with white bloom

In the midst of a great tangled garden, and overshadowed by magnificent locust trees, was the Fletcher house.

Carrington crossed the road, let himself into the garden, pausing to fasten a blush rose in the lapel of his gray coat, and pushed his way up an overgrown path to the broad veranda on the south side of the house.

He peered through the paneless windows into a room—once a handsome parlor. Quite convinced that the place was empty, Carrington stepped within the room and set his bag on the mantel before making a survey of the house.

From one room to another he wandered, finding each one empty and forlorn, until he had covered the entire lower floor. Then he mounted the broad stairway to the second story.

Carrington stopped short at the head of the stairs. At right and left of him open doors showed vistas of empty rooms; but directly in front of him was a wide arched doorway admitting to a long bedroom facing south. Here a rich rug was spread on the bare floor, handsome draperies curtained the windows, a tall mahogany bureau faced him, and in the middle of the room was a mahogany four-post bedstead covered with a rich silk quilt.

The bed was occupied.

While Carrington hesitated somebody came out of the shadow of the curtains and advanced toward him quickly, throwing a backward look and a word toward the occupant of the bed as she came.

"Some one has come to buy the place, grandfather! I'll be back in a moment."

Carrington was almost guilty of staring at the beautiful girl who confronted him in the hall, even while he bared his head and listened to her.

"I don't know who you are," she murmured hastily, "but I'm going to ask a favor of you My grandfather is dying, and he has set his heart on selling the place before he does so that he can provide for me. Would you object to pretending that you have come to look at the place and want to buy it? It would be a harmless deception and would ease his last hours." She spoke pleadingly, her hands clasped tightly in front of her.

"Certainly," said Carrington, quickly; "and there won't be any deception about the matter, either, because I have come down to look at the Fletcher place with the intention of buying it. I thought the house was unoccupied. I beg your pardon for intruding."

"That does not matter in the least. We are very poor, grandfather and I, and the few rooms up here are all we have to live in. Come and speak to him." She led the way back into the room, where a small, shriveled old man lay dying Carrington could guess after one rapid glance about the room that the girl had surrounded her aged relative with every luxury the old place afforded

"I'm going—going fast, Rose!" whimpered the old man as she caught one of his hands to her lips "Has—some one come to buy the place?"

"Yes," answered Carrington impulsively "I've come down from the city to look it over and buy it. What is your price?"

The dying man turned his eyes toward the stranger and a smile widened his lips "It's worth a good deal more, but I'll take ten thousand cash for it," he croaked.

"Very well," decided Carrington, "I'll take it"

"Just give Rose here something to bind the bargain—have it in writing. Wake me up when it's ready. I'll sleep a little while. Rose—you've been a good girl I'm contented to go now—the place is sold," he added He sank back on the pillow and closed his eyes, and did not breathe again.

Carrington found himself in the unique position of comforting a perfectly strange girl in the loss of her only relative; but Rose Fletcher had been through too much stress of poverty and storm of affliction to give way to her grief after the first shock was over In a few words she told Carrington the facts of their strange existence in the old homestead. Thomas Fletcher, the old man who had just died, was a distant cousin of the former owner of the place and had come into the property a short time before. The former owner had been land-poor and when the aged heir and his granddaughter journeyed to Swampton to make their home in the old place they found it a desolate wreck of what they had expected to find.

So it happened that Alec Carrington was the only person to stand beside Rose Fletcher when the old man was laid to his last rest in the family plot He it was who advised her and found a home for her with the family of the minister in Swampton until her grandfather's affairs should be settled up.

Because Carrington's client did not care for the old Fletcher place, Carrington managed to purchase it himself and made good his promise to the old man, and who can say that the young real estate dealer did not have visions of a day when the old place should be restored to its former comfortable homeliness and that a Fletcher should continue to live there in the person of Carrington's wife, Rose?

Well Named.

The simple process of discovering the meaning of a foreign word, or phrase, by virtue of its sound, sometimes leads to peculiar results.

"Shure, an' fwat is this briggy brag the mistress is all the toime talkin' to yez about, an' tellin' yez to be so careful av it?" inquired the cook, of the housemaid, in a large family mansion "Fwat does briggy brag mane, Oi dunno?"

"It ain't briggy brag; it's bricky-brack!" replied the housemaid, moodily. "An' Oi'm thinkin', if 'twas yerself had the care av it yez wouldn't be long foindin' out fwat it meant. It's French for 'breakety-break;' that's fwat it is! It's a lot av little ornaminta, and joogs and vases, jist made fer ketchin' in the dusther an' draggin' thimselves off onter the floor, an' smashin' into bits befoor a poor, harrd-wurrukin' gell's eyes. That's fwat bricky-brack manes; an' a good name it is for the whole lot av 'em!"

Possibly.

"What I like about motoring is the fresh air one gets out of it," said Hicks.

"Ha! Hum" said Wiggles "I wonder if that's where chauffeurs get that very fresh air that is characteristic of the species.—Harper's Weekly.

Something Had to Happen

If the Windlers' flat had been commensurate in size with the Windlers' popularity as evidenced by their wedding presents it would have been so big they never could have afforded to pay the rent

It was an ideal flat for a family that was short on furniture and bric-a-brac, but it was a trial to people on whom their well meaning friends and relatives had showered ten times as much stuff as they could use up in the course of a normal lifetime. After nearly acquiring brain fever trying to dispose their possessions about the place without having their home look as though it was about to choke to death on a superfluity of furniture and miscellaneous wares they gave up and put three-quarters of their wedding gifts in the basement storeroom. Then their troubles began.

"Mercy!" Mrs. Windler cried one evening just before her aunt and uncle were due for dinner. "Jimmy, we'll have to get that carved oak hall chest up here before Aunt Cornelia arrives or she'll never forgive us! It cost a small fortune and she won't understand why——"

The rest of Mrs Windler's remarks were irrevocably lost in the tumultuous rush of the Windlers to the basement

Mrs. Windler's pale rose gown was soon hopelessly soiled and Windler's temper was ruined for the whole evening, to say nothing of his cuffs. The hall chest was barely thumped into place with the help of the subsidized janitor and the Windlers were still breathing hard when Aunt Cornelia and Uncle Jabez arrived. The former peered sharply at her gift.

"Seems to me you don't do much dusting of your things," she said, rubbing a finger across the chest and leaving a deep depression in the grime that had settled on it in the storeroom. "Seems to me you don't care much about my gift, Louise!" When Aunt Cornelia rebuked one in that tone the situation was serious.

After the visitors had departed the chest had to be lugged down to the basement again, because there was no other place for the bookcase.

The two large paintings were the worst. When Cousin John's folks were coming the Windlers hung up the picture of the Lombardy poplars and the sheep Then they took it down when the Phillipsons were due and put in its place the picture presented by the Phillipsons showing the garden scene.

This worked all right until Sue Sanders, who could always be depended upon to say the wrong thing, burst out in the presence of all the Phillipsons: "Oh, you've changed your pictures! Why, you have a new one! What did you do with the cute one of the sheep and poplars that has always hung right here till now?"

That threw a coldness upon the Phillipsons that never was eradicated

"They acted," stormed Mrs. Windler helplessly after they were gone, "as though it was our fault that we didn't have five walls in this room instead of four! I hate their old picture, anyhow!"

The silver, however, created the most trouble, because there was so much of it.

However, they knew they were using the wrong teaspoons the night the Smiths dined with them by the peculiarly cold manner in which Mrs. Smith regarded the ones at her plate

They realized that they had made the wrong selection in silver bread plates when Uncle Hiram pointedly inquired who had given them the plate that they preferred to his gift. He said he had hoped when he devoted a week to selecting it that he had picked out something they really would like. Altogether, the Windlers had a terrible time smoothing down Uncle Hiram. They thought it odd that the more money a relative had the more easily and deeply his feelings were injured.

When any of the girls gathered at her house in the afternoon for cards Mrs. Windler nearly lost her mind. If she used Sadie's tea cloth instead of Amy's when Amy was present the latter was so hurt that it was painful, and if Angeline didn't see her cut glass vase anywhere about her eyebrows speedily announced the fact.

"It isn't a home!" Mrs. Windler wailed one night. "It's the inside of a kaleidoscope! I'm so nervous for fear I'll get the wrong thing out when the right person comes—or for fear two of 'em'll land here together and pull each other's hair because one's gift is on view and the other's isn't that I'm a total wreck, Jimmy!"

"Cheer up!" said the haggard Jimmy, who was hastily changing a bronze head for a Barye lion, the Getlers being due that evening. "It can't go on forever—something'll happen!"

It did. The building burned down while the Windlers were at the theater and they returned to ashes, glowing embers and complete desolation.

"All your lovely things, Mrs. Windler!" one of the neighbors mourned. "All your perfectly lo-o-ovely wedding presents gone! I don't see how you bear the blow so bravely!"

"Well," said Mrs. Windler, struggling heroically to conceal her happiness, "it is wrong to give way to one's feelings and, besides, there are always compensations in everything."—Chicago Daily News.

Looking For A Hero

Mary Mastin was going to see the great football game between the home university and the Wisteria university. Her brother was a Wisteria alumnus of both the college of arts and the college of law. Being a romantic and ingenious young person of 18, Mary had informed Jim that she was sure going to fall in love with some football hero

"The handsome Greek god, who, when all seems lost, saves the day for old Wisteria or the slender boy whom the rest thought too light for the game who gets around the end and scores for old Illigan, and when he doesn't rise where he fell in making the touchdown they find he has been playing the last quarter with a broken rib—oh, I shall fall in love with some one of them," said Mary, with dancing eyes

"Bosh," said Jim, stolidly. "There were no handsome Greek gods on any team I ever saw."

"Well, there'll be one hero, certainly, and when he's carried off the field, suffering terribly, but not a word of complaint escaping his lips, and I'll send him some flowers and he'll bury his face in them, tears starting from his eyes"

"As the girls do in those fierce yards purporting to be college stories To my notion a football game affords about as much chance for a real story as a game of chess," declared Jim "I never read a football story that wasn't punk Hi, look at that now!"

The visiting contingent of Wisteria undergraduates, 1,100 strong, headed by their band, was progressing around the track that encircled the gridiron, in an astonishing choragic dance. It was at once a cake walk, a minuet and gigantic quadrille With their steps in ordered rhythm, their hands brandished aloft in triumphant gestures in unison with the cadence of their high lifted feet, they wound in and out.

"Why, it's charming No, it's awe inspiring!" exclaimed the girl, looking through her field glass. "Who's that leading them? Isn't he hand some?"

"That's Bill Howard, the hottest alumni rooter of them all"

"And look at those people in the box down there! How excited they are! Alumni and their wives, of course Isn't it fine to see the alumni so enthusiastic and loyal!"

"Alumni nothing," growled Jim "That's a bunch of brokers with big bets on the game, probably on the visiting team, for fellows like that would be likely to back a university outside their own state"

Suddenly there burst forth from the bleachers where Wisteria students were massed a huge roar of inarticulate, mindless sound The Wisteria team had hulked out on the field All possible comliness of face and form was hidden by the ungainly garb, so Mary hardly looked at the players Her glass swept the line of yellmasters, picturesque, well tailored slim youths, gay with ribbons, waving pennants in a frenzy

"That one in the middle is such a dear," she said.

"That's Red Robertson," said Jim. "He roomed with me when he was a freshman and I a senior law. He's the head yellmaster"

"Does he ever play?"

"Play? He's too pretty to play. A man who ties a necktie the way he does wouldn't play. He hasn't the beef, anyway."

"He's awfully graceful, and so quick I know he could play if he wanted to."

Illigan won. It didn't matter much to Mary, for Red Robertson at the close of the game had sought them out, anxious to see Jim, though he hardly noticed Jim after he had been presented to Mary. He steered her through the multitude. Some football men passed. They moved heavily, awkwardly. Quick enough on the field in action, they seemed out of their element now, like crabs on land.

"Hackaday is bowlegged in his arms as well as in his legs, isn't he?" said Jim. "Good player, though. Where'd they get him?"

"Bill Hands, '96, when he was up hunting two years ago, saw him poling logs in the river, and got him down here," explained Robertson. "Bill is the man who got Dike, too. Dike was driving a cab in Denver. A corking good alumnus, is Bill."

"What! Do colleges still hire professional players?" asked Mary.

"No But there are still organizations called Alumni Students' Aid associations that loan money to men whom they want to see get a college education and the men they want to see do that are liable to be fine athletes."

"Are there no football heroes?" demanded Mary. "No boys who weep over the defeat of their team? Nobody for me to give my roses to for him to weep into?"

"Yes, there are some real students on every team and perhaps some day they'll all be real as they used to be in the old days. But the fellows who weep over defeat are mostly on the bleachers. I've lost a big bet and I'd like to weep. Won't you give me the roses?"

"It's a dreadful disillusionment," said Mary "I meant them for half back, not a yellmaster, but here are the roses."—Chicago Daily News.

Why Nelson Proposed

Most of Nelson's friends had been busy conjecturing which would it be Orilla or Justine.

'No man can like two girls exactly the same,' said Marian as the girls were discussing the subject

'He may admire one for her looks; another for her cleverness; one may fascinate and cajole him with flattery while another he may care for her candor.'

"Nelson is going to take Justine to the dance tonight," announced Helen, "but probably Orilla had a previous engagement. She never wants for admirers."

Justine was radiant in her new gown when Nelson called for her. The happy thought that he had showed her the preference gave her face a softened look of beauty. The ride to the ballroom was a short one. As Nelson helped her out of the carriage she put her hand up to her ear and exclaimed in dismay:

"I've lost my earring!"

"Are you quite certain you wore it?"

"Positive" Justine answered nodding her head emphatically. "It's not likely I'd wear only one"

"Don't worry about it. We're late already for the dance, and its too chilly for you to stay out here while I search for it. Let's go in the house and I'll return and see if you dropped it in the carriage"

Nelson spent the greater part of the evening hunting for the trinket, but it was not to be found All his efforts were in vain When he rejoined the merry party Justine was the gayest of all He commenced to sympathize with her and tried to console her for the loss, but to his great amazement she answered in a joking tone free from all anxiety, "I'll advertise in the morning and offer a liberal reward"

"Anyway Justine if it wasn't for the earring, I might never have realized what pretty ears you have, and have something important for them to hear on our way home."

As Justine's partner came to claim her dance Nelson soliloquized, "I believe I feel worse about the loss than she does It was hard to decide whom I cared for the most, each seemed so desirable Heaven be praised! I know now Any girl who can loose a gorgeous jewel like that and say she can be just as happy without it, and that jewels have no great charm for me, and it doesn't pay to worry one's head about an earring when there are so many more important things to think about. By George! How stupid of me not to know sooner it was Justine I loved Orilla is forever fretting about infinitesimal microscopic nothings."

On their way home Nelson said "my friendship for you has developed into an overpowering love What would you do if I gave you a kiss?" he asked the girl

"I'd give it back to you," she answered promptly

Nelson and Justine were married a few months later Before long Nelson could not refrain from noticing how easily provoked and exasperated his young wife could be over the smallest occurrences. The few times Nelson saw Orilla he marvelled how cheerful she looked while his own wife was continually complaining and nothing was good enough, or too good for her and she made such demands upon his time and pocketbook. It seemed inconceivable that she was the same person. When Edith's engagement was announced to the champion football player of the season, Nelson felt a pang of regret when he thought how his judgment and calculations had played him false.

"Orilla will make an ideal wife for a professor," he vouchsafed to his wife.

"It's easier to be a professor's wife," she snapped, "than to have to cater to a man who usually is late for dinner."

Nelson took the rebuke in silence and wondering what had happened today that had added two lines to his wife's face.

"You're as changeable as the moon," complained he. "How easily you are annoyed. You worry that your maid isn't capable, and you worry when she threatens to leave. If you buy a blue dress, you're sure it will look green in the gaslight and——"

"Have you finished?" interposed his wife. "With such an unsympathizing husband, it's surprising I haven't nervous prostration,' she said, wiping the tears from her eyes. "Naturally it doesn't concern you, if I lost the gold hatpin mother brought from Europe. I'm dead tired hunting in every nook and corner for it. Do I receive gold hat pins every day?" questioned Justine indignantly, "that I can afford to lose one without mentioning it?"

"But, my dear," said her husband in a conciliatory tone, "you weren't nearly so harrassed and vexed when you lost that valuable earring before we were engaged"

"Oh, I've always wanted to tell you," replied his wife, "that those earrings were only imitations."

"Justine, why didn't you tell me sooner. You led me to believe they were real."

"Did I?" Justine answered "I never told you because you never asked me."

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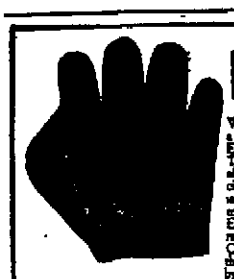

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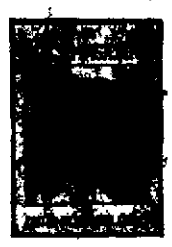

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 9, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Fry & Comes have a new and interesting advertisement in this issue.

—Daly & Garlick advertise Pittsburgh Perfect wire fence in their space this week.

—Gus and Andrew Benson who have been serving a jail sentence for vagrancy were released Saturday.

—Leo Irish of Bradford was brought here and placed in jail Friday, to await trial on a serious charge.

—The Epworth League of the M. E. church held one of their popular "penny socials" last Friday evening.

—A. Miller & Son Lumber Co. of Bradford has an advertisement in this issue relating to paints which should be read by all in need of paint.

—Stoneham, a busy little town in Warren county, is soon to receive a severe blow. The tannery there which employes 100 men is soon to be shut down, never to be run again.

—Youngstown Vindicator: Say you have it in for a man. You may have reason for that, but that is no real reason why you should expect your friends to be that man's enemies, for he may have been and yet be their benefactor.

—After a search lasting four days and nights, the dead body of Mrs Anna Poux of Punxsutawney, was found Monday morning in a swamp two miles from her home. Mrs. Poux, aged 81, last Tuesday night disappeared from her home. She had wandered from the road into the swamp. Torn bushes and other evidences of her last struggle were many. The body was taken to Guys mills.

—Miss Ella Latimer, the former money clerk in the New Bethlehem postoffice, who was arrested for embezzlement in the sum of $6,118.80, was sentenced in the courts at Pittsburgh last week. The young lady was given one month in the Armstrong county jail and required to pay a fine equal to her peculations. The young lady was taken to the Armstrong county jail and will immediately serve her sentence.

—Carmine Neapolitani of Hazelhurst was placed in the county jail a few days ago on the charge of larceny. He was released on bail given by Philip Strano Neapolitani tried to depart from this section and it looked as if Strano would have to pay the bond, but the would be evader of justice was captured and brought back to the custody of Sheriff Bain. Friday he was again released, a Harrisburg woman arranging matters for him.

—Richard, the six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Randall, who accidentally shot himself in an exceedingly serious manner on the 15th of April, was on Tuesday of this week escorted home from the Kane hospital by his mother, his recovery appearing complete. When it is remembered that a ball from a 32 calibre revolver penetrated the stomach, colon, and a cluster of small intestines, making in all some 12 or 14 punctures his recovery must be set down as quite remarkable.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Clarence Vandenburg, 14 years old, was shooting at a tin can with a 22 calibre rifle, Friday evening, near his home at Cherry Grove, Warren county. Warren Vandenburg, brother of the shooter, was tossing the can into the air for the young marksman to perforate. Accidentally, Clarence fired too low and a bullet struck Warren in the head On Saturday the wounded—lad died at the Warren Emergency Hospital The parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Vandenburg, are nearly distracted.

—The State Hospital for the Insane at North Warren is full and unable to accomodate another patient. Oddly enough all the other state hospitals are similarly congested. This news came to the surface when the county commissioners at Ebensburg, who made application for one or more patients, were informed that not one could be accomodated Until provision can be made for an additional asylum and if there are not discharges in large enough numbers to meet the demand for new inmates, the caunty jails will have to be utilized. When the new hospital for the criminal insane is completed it will make room for a large number of patients

—An Iowa farmer, returning from a visit of several months in the east, called on an old friend, says the Ladies' Home Journal "Well, John," he said, after greetings had been exchanged, "I hear you lost all of your timber through the forest fires." The other man nodded. "And they say that the river cut off your best bottom land; that your hogs all died of choelra; that your wife and children have been sick, and that they have now foreclosed the mortgage on your other place." John nodded again. "Yes, it's all true," he said, looking about him at what had once been his prosperous farm, "all true. Why, sometimes I get almost discouraged."

—A case unique in some respects was heard before 'Squire Jones on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Francesca Lovana was given a hearing on the charge of selling liquor without a license, the information having been made by her husband. Several witnesses were produced and sworn who claimed they had purchased both beer and wine from the woman on different occasions and had paid her the money for it. The Justice considered the evidence sufficient to hold the defendant for her appearance at the Quarter Sessions court, so fixed the bail at $500. The woman, being unable to secure bail, was remanded to jail The husband's plea is that he opposed the sale of liquor but his wife would not listen to him, hence he was obliged to do something to protect himself.—Johnsonburg Breeze.

—A correspondent in writing from Hickox, Potter county, says: "Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Simmons were called to Wellsboro on Wednesday, April 17th, by the death of their daughter, Mrs. Mattie Lewis. Mrs. Lewis had been sick for some time and her death was not unexpected. Mr. and Mrs. Simmons were accompanied on their sad journey by their son, Burt Simmons, and wife, of Whitesville, N. Y. Mattie Simmons was born about forty years ago and was the only daughter of Leonard and Nellie Hackett Simmons. In early life she was married to Ormand Nourse and to them was born one daughter, Alean, who resides in Wellsboro. She was later married to Alfred Lewis, who survives her She leaves three brothers: Burt, of Whitesville, Delano and Lloyd of Wellsboro. She was a woman of bright, cheerful disposition and had many friends wherever she was known."

SERVING LIGHT MEALS

EASY WAY TO COOK FOR ONE OR TWO AT TABLE.

Panned Chops Are Good, Make Little Work, and Need Spread No Odor —How Quick Breakfast Breads May Be Prepared.

Panned Chops.—When the kitchen is near the living room it is important to cook meat in a manner to avoid odors. Panned chops do not offend the atmosphere with cooking, although there is bound to be some odor with meat. For one person buy two rib or loin lamb chops, getting the butcher to French the first—that is, trim down the bone so it will be bare. Rub a dry pan, only large enough to hold the two chops, with a cut clove of garlic, put it over the blaze, and when smoking hot lay in the meat. Turn quickly so as to sear both sides, and cook only long enough; which is to say, have the chops with some pink inside when served. The juices, and even a touch of pure blood, should run with the cutting. As the chops cook pour off the grease that gathers, and when cooked put the meat on a very hot plate and then salt, pepper and butter it. If chops are seasoned before cooking they will be tough. If allowed to cook in the grease which draws from the fat they will be fried and more highly flavored with the mutton odor. Steak may be cooked in the same way.

Quick Breakfast Breads.—The light housekeeper who knows how to make light breakfast cakes, dainty popovers, drop biscuits and gems of any sort is lucky indeed. The rest of us must be content with the bakers' staff of life, warmed up and tinkered with somehow to vary the taste. The bakeshops corn muffins, graham gems, biscuit, English muffins and crumpets can all be made delicious with warming or toasting. If only an asbestos is available for the reheating, put muffins, biscuits or gems on this and invert a saucepan over them to keep in the heat. If there is a toaster, split the English muffins and brown them like tiny bread with the little convenience. The crumpets may be reheated in a double boiler or be made exquisitely appetizing by being heated in a pan with a lump of butter on top of each "crump," as the dainties beat through the butter melts and permeates them. Put the brown sides of the crumpets against the pan. With the inside of French bread pulled bread can be made. Yank out the soft part while the bread is fresh and brown the pieces on a toaster. The rusks put up in paper boxes are very convenient to have in the house, as, also, are the soda biscuits, saltines and graham wafers. With any one of these breads, marmalade and a good cup of coffee the lone woman has no need to yearn for a better breakfast.

Portable Workstand.

Any one who has used the portable writing desks which fold like the old-fashioned saw horse clothes tree will appreciate a folding work stand on the same principle These come in several sizes and designs, with frames of plain or inlaid mahogany or satinwood, and the receptacles of green or rose silk.

The working part is a deep bag finished with a frill at the ends, the sides attached to the upper part of the frame on each side. Two sides of the bag are supplied with straps to hold sewing utensils, pin-cushions, needle books, gauges, tape measures and a good knife.

When not in use the frame collapses and is fastened with a clasp on top. The upper part of each frame forms a curved handle so the stand can be carried from place or stood against the wall when not open These stands are especially popular for porch use and are convenient to stand out of sight in a library or living room.

Marketing Hints.

Aim to allow one-half pound of meat for each person. The fat should be firm, but if hard and skinny it indicates that the animal was old and tough; if thin, from a scrawny animal.

Beef or mutton should be a deep rose color and the fat a rich cream. The choicest cuts for roasting are the sixth, seventh and eighth ribs, the sirloin and porterhouse cuts. Sirloin and short cut porterhouse steaks are the best, although many prefer the pinbone steak.

When selecting poultry see that the feet are soft and moist, the eyes clear and the flesh plump.—Philadelphia Times.

To Avoid Scorching.

Many housekeepers do not know that there is a simple way to prevent potatoes from burning and sticking to the bottom of the pot. An inverted pie pan placed in the bottom of the pot avoids scorching potatoes. The water and empty space beneath the pan save the potatoes. This also makes the work of cleaning pots easier, as the adhering parts of potatoes are left to be scoured out.—Popular Mechanics.

Cocoa Cakes.

One-half cup butter, one teaspoonful cinnamon, three eggs, half cup water, one cup sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one and a quarter cups flour, one-quarter cup cocoa. Cream the butter, sugar and cocoa Add the well-beaten eggs, then the water and the flour and baking powder sifted together. Stir in the cinnamon, beat hard and bake in patty pans.

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The regular retail price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 cash with order $4.55

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NAILS, Tacks, or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture-resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.55 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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The best goods at reasonable prices.

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The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

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Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
PUREST
AND MOST
COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

More Milk

guaranteed or money back. Cows yield more and cost less to keep when you use

Pratts Animal Regulator

Supplies what dry food lacks. Packages, 25c., 50c. Pails $2.00

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1912 Almanac and Stock book FREE

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Come in and see them.

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Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

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BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

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We're a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House
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Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

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We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms:—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column *per annum*, payable monthly. Our own position and no variation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Death, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 9, 1912.

The flood in the Mississippi valley, although receding at the present time, has cost the lives of many people and done a great amount of damage in the past week.

A Philadelphia dispatch dated May 3, says: Two of Senator Penrose's strongest supporters to-day joined ex-Senator Vare on the Roosevelt band wagon. The two men are Senator James McNichol and "Boss" David Martin. Their defection makes the defeat of Penrose as a leader in Pennsylvania complete. Roosevelt leaders here predict that the Republican delegation to Chicago will be almost unanimous for the Colonel.

There is a movement under way to make Philadelphia a great shipping point for ocean traffic and the matter is of importance to the entire state because the port of that city is coming to be more generally recognized as the Port of Pennsylvania. As a result of the aggressive program adopted by Mayor Blackenburg and Director Norris, it is expected that within a short time several additional lines will be added to its present foreign and domestic steamship service.—Bradford Era.

At the Democratic State convention held in Harrisburg on Tuesday the "reorganizers" had everything their own way. W. H. Berry was nominated for State Treasurer, Robert E. Creswell for Auditor General and George B. Shaw, Joseph Howley, George R. McLean and E. E. Greenawalt for Congressmen-at-Large. George W. Guthrie, Vance C. McCormick and A. Mitchell Palmer had the situation fully in their hands and selected the delegates to the National convention, with binding instructions for Woodrow Wilson for President.

Saturday's parade in New York in which over 15,000 men and women took part was the greatest demonstration which the suffragists have made anywhere in the United States up to this time. A significent feature of it was the large number of men who participated in it. This is a recognition of the fact that the equal suffrage movement is something more than a joke. The suffrage demand has been before the legislatures of New York and Massachusetts several times, and always was defeated. It is noticed, however, that the majorities against it are steadily diminishing.

In their final effort to save the Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson from the electric chair in the week of May 19 for killing Miss Avis Linnell, his lawyers have sent to Virginia for Richeson's father, Thomas V. Richeson, and his brothers and sisters. The Richesons will try to convince Governor Foss next week that the condemned man is insane and has been since childhood. Mrs. Lydia Edmands, mother of Miss Violet Edmands, whom Richeson would have married but for his arrest, will be a witness before the governor's council if it grants a hearing in Richeson's case. She believes that Richeson is insane.

The fight between Taft and Roosevelt for the presidential nomination promises to be a most spirited one right up to the finish. Roosevelt is gaining ground every day a primary is held while Taft is losing some of the uninstructed delegates heretofore counted for him. The radical Taft newspapers claim an easy victory for the President but the conservative Taft papers are not so sure that he will win out. Last week's Saturday Evening Post, which has slightly favored Taft in the past, in an editorial, says that it is plain to be seen that a majority of the people want Roosevelt for their candidate and that it would mean certain defeat for the Republican party to re-nominate Mr. Taft. The tide seems to be gradually turning and it would not be surprising to see Roosevelt an easy winner in the Chicago convention.

May Day saw an outrage perpetrated in New York which is likely to have a bad effect on its authors and abettors. This was the trampling on the American flag at a celebration in that city by Socialists, the Industrial Workers of the World and some affiliated organizations. Red flags were carried in the parade, the bands played the Marseillaise, and the Stars and Stripes displayed on the speaker's platform was torn down and trampled on. Although the authorities had a right to look for excesses of some sort at a gathering of those irruptive elements, the police force present seems to have been inadequate to deal with the situation. The Socialists declare that they had no hand in the desecration of the flag, and lay the blame for this outrage on the Industrial Workers of the World, but they can not escape all of the responsibility. They were the largest organization. The red flag of revolution which they carried in the procession is their customary emblem.

Thomas A. Edison has accomplished the greatest triumph of his career. He has perfected a method of separating the paying elements of ores that will mean an increase of $10,000,000 a year in the productive wealth of the country. The inventor has been working over his plan for years and it is said, has spent a fortune in his experiments. He is not at this time prepared to give out the details of his new method but it is learned a plant that required $250,000 a year to operate can be carried on by the new Edison method for $50,000. The general effect of Edison's method is to do away with the term "low grade" ore. With his system the valuable material can be extracted from all ore. Those closely associated with the inventor declare he believes the new invention is the most valuable he has given to mankind. H. B. Clifford, a metallurgist, who is stopping at the Waldorf Astoria, states that there is no doubt about the success of Edison's work.

Some years ago Bradford and Olean investors heard much about "the Telfair process" of separating ore from rock and earth. It was a stock selling proposition and many people were disappointed. Edison's process is different. Edison "makes good."—Bradford Era.

FOR GOOD ROADS.

Meeting at Hotel Holley to Boost Along the Movement—Convention to be Held.

Tuesday's Bradford Era says: The McKean County Good Roads association was perfected at a well attended meeting held at the Hotel Holley last evening. W. M. Hodges officiated as chairman.

J. Harvey Rose spoke in an interesting manner in behalf of good roads and showed that not only the automobile owners but everybody else should be deeply interested in the success of the movement. A letter of regret was read from Secretary Blair of the National Paving Brick Manufacturers' association, stating that owing to illness in his family he was unable to be present at the conference last evening, but would be here to attend the Good Roads convention to be held later.

E. E. Bryner of Custer City and W. H. Emery of the West Branch, eloquently championed the movement.

Officers of the temporary organization were elected as follows: President, L. E. Mallory, Sr.; secretary, E. F. Knight; treasurer, C. C. Stratton; vice-presidents, F. D. Wood, E. R. Benson, E. C. Emery, R. H. Hilton, W. S. Gaffney, James McKean, William Hanley, Griffin Hatfield, H. C. Bemis, C. B. Sage, S. P. Kennedy, W. H. Emery, W. W. Bell, O. F. Schonblom, W. H. Powers, S. G. Coffin, Hon. J. W. Bouton, D. A. Dennison, J. W. Leasure, John Bartley, E. K. Kane, R. P. Habgood, C. F. Schwab, A. M. Marsh, A. R. Anderson, A. R. Cory, Edward Penfield, A. F. Moore, John Kennemuth, Dr. C. M. Brooks, F. W. Davis, Hon. R. J. Hoffman.

An executive committee was named as follows: J. H. Rose, F. P. Holley, E. E. Bryner, W. M. Hodges and E. F. Knight.

The purpose of the organization is to create a sentiment in favor of good roads in the state at large and particularly in McKean county.

A Good Roads convention is to be held in Bradford on Wednesday, May 29, at which time speakers of national prominence will be present. The Bradford Automobile club and the Bradford Chamber of Commerce are joining in the movement and have named committees to represent them. It is the intention of the executive committee to hold afternoon and evening sessions during which interesting talks will be given and moving pictures be used to illustrate the subject.

As the big convention is to be held the day before the annual observance of Memorial Day, merchants and others are asked to decorate their places in honor of the occasion. There will be music by one or two bands.

The committee already has received letters from various road supervisors who are anxious to know the provisions of the new road law and there is much interest shown in the movement.

Reynoldsville recently had a good roads meeting and there were over 1,000 people in attendance.

Under the Sprout act, there have been selected 296 routes throughout the State of Pennsylvania and improved and maintained at the expense of the state. The routes in McKean county that may be included in the Sprout program extends from State Line to Bradford, from Bradford to Custer City and branching there, one branch extending to Marshburg, down Sugar Run to the Allegheny river and on to Warren. The other route extends from Custer City to Lafayette, Mt. Alton, Mt. Jewett, Hazelhurst and Smethport.

The people of the state will be given an opportunity to vote on a $50,000,000 bond issue this fall and if the measure is carried as it surely will, every one of the 296 routes will have advocates before the state highway commissioner, Mr. Bigelow, endeavoring to have their particular portion improved first. New York state at the present time is far in advance of Pennsylvania in the matter of good roads. York states have expended nearly $50,000,000 for that purpose and will vote another bond issue for the same amount the coming fall.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., May 8. (Special.)—The river and harbor appropriation bill which has been under consideration by the Senate Committee on Commerce for the past month has been reported to the upper branch of Congress and will be taken up immediately. It carries in round numbers $34,053,000, being an increase of $7,791,000 over the House measure. The increases are largely due to the demands of flooded sections of the country, particularly along the Mississippi and the Missouri, the necessity for emergency appropriations to strengthen levees and repair crevasses adding considerably to the amount which the bill carries.

While the bill does not appropriate as large an amount as the National Rivers and Harbors Congress has stood for in its resolutions the officers of the organization feel encouraged over the growing sentiment for a generous waterway bill, making yearly appropriations for approved projects. Less and less does the personal side of legislation enter into the consideration of the measure, and each project is coming to stand on its own merits rather than on log-rolling which marked the bill in years gone by.

Good roads and improved waterways go hand in hand, Congress having decided to deal generously with the good roads movement during the present session of Congress. In connection with the American Road Congress to be held next fall Secretary Wilson has authorized Director Logan Waller Page of the office of Good Roads to give a complete exhibit of the government's work on the public roads of the country, showing how unimproved roads hurt the farmer and how improved roads aid not only the farmer but the consumer.

Four of the biggest associations of the country interested in public roads are consolidating their forces in order to make the next American Road Congress the biggest affair of its kind in the history of the movement.

There were 1,620,766,000 pounds of butter, valued at $405,000,000, produced on farms and in factories in the United States during the census year 1909, according to a statement issued by the Census Bureau. The largest total quantity was produced by the West North Central division. Among the state, Wisconsin ranks first as a butter producer, with Iowa second and Minnesota third, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, New York, Texas and Indiana, trailing along in the order as given. One and a half billion pounds of butter valued at over four hundred million dollars is going some along the butter route.

The memorial exercises in honor of the late Major A. W. Butt, the President's Aide, who was a victim of the Titanic disaster, held in Washington on Sunday, brought together the most distinguished company ever assembled in the Capital City of the Nation. The exercises were held under the auspices of a local lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, of which "Archie" Butt was a member, and who lived the principles of Masonry every day in the year. The exercises were profoundly impressive, the President finding it difficult to speak of the sterling qualities of his Aide, who had grown to be more like a son to him than a military attache.

THE NEW PENSION LAW.

Schedule of Rates That Will Be Paid Under the New Law.

Below will be found the table of rates in the new pension law as agreed upon Thursday by the House and Senate conference managers. There will be no change made from this agreement when the report of the conferees is taken up by the respective houses of Congress:

Age.	Service.	Pension.
62,	90 days,	$13.00.
62,	6 months,	$13.50.
62,	1 year,	$14.00.
62,	18 months,	$14.50.
62,	2 years,	$15.00.
62,	2½ years,	$15.50.
62,	3 years or over,	$16.00.
65,	90 days,	$15.00.
65,	6 months,	$15.50.
65,	1 year,	$16.00.
65,	18 months,	$16.50.
65,	2 years,	$17.00.
65,	2½ years,	$18.00.
65,	3 years or over,	$19.00.
70,	90 days,	$18.00.
70,	6 months,	$19.00.
70,	1 year,	$20.00.
70,	18 months,	$21.00.
70,	2 years,	$22.00.
70,	2½ years,	$24.00.
70,	3 years or over,	$25.00.
75,	90 days,	$21.00.
75,	6 months,	$22.50.
75,	1 year,	$24.00.
75,	1½ years,	$27.00.
75,	2 years or over,	$30.00.

Any honorably discharged soldier or sailor who was wounded in line of duty, or who from diseases or other causes incurred in line of duty, and is now unfit for manual labor by reason thereof, shall be paid $30 per month without regard to age or length of service.

Subscribe for The Miner.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Irene Roberts
vs.
Charles W. Roberts.
No. 95, December Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Irene Roberts did on the 11th day of November, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles W. Roberts.

We therefore command you, the said Charles W. Roberts, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Irene Roberts, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Irene Roberts, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.
Huey & Hubbard, Libellant's Attys.
Smethport, Pa., May 6, 1912.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1912.

First and final account of H. S. Rogers, Administrator of the estate of Livia M. Rogers, deceased.

First and final account of Francis M. Nash, Administrator of the estate of Phillip McGuickin, deceased.

First and final account of Agnes L. McIntyre Dunne, Administratrix of the estate of Hugh F. McIntyre, deceased.

First and final account of D. S. Helmer, guardian of A. G. Edgar, late minor child of Jas. T. Edgar, deceased.

First and final account of Edward Ellason, Administrator of the estate of Abraham Ellason, deceased.

First and final account of F. W. Hastings, guardian of Catherine L. Grimes, late minor child of Allen E. Grimes, deceased.

First and final account of Helen Doane, guardian of Helen Chute, late minor child of John and Sophrona Chute.

Second and final account of T. F. Mullin, administrator of J. P. Mullin, deceased, who was administrator of the estate of Hazel H. Barr, deceased.

First and final account of Jennie A. Cadden, administratrix of the estate of Thomas Cadden, deceased.

First and final account of C. W. Catlin, administrator of the estate of Louise Miller, deceased.

First and final account of Gilbert Moody, executor of the last will and testament of J. E. Dunn, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN,
Register.
Smethport, Pa., May 4, 1912-4t

Princeton Paints
$1.50 per Gallon
We pay the Freight
on
Three Gallons or More
Send for color card.
A. MILLER & SON LUMBER CO.
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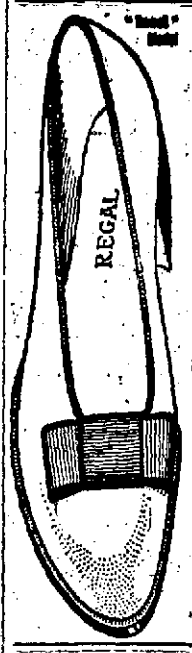
Positions
We need more graduates to fill the high grade positions offered. Special inducements for next school year. Now is your time. Write for particulars.
WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

THE DEVIL
Is a Play for the
THINKING MAN AND WOMAN
as it preaches a powerful sermon.
AT THE SMETHPORT LYCEUM
Thursday, May 16.



NEW REGALS
IN SHOES AND OXFORDS
Black and Tan. Button and Lace.
All Leathers
All Styles
All Sizes
All Widths
All Prices
Try on a Pair.
H. W. Rubin.
THE OLD RELIABLE CLOTHIER

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey
Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.
It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.
F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—
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For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To *Brasted's*

THE PIERCE-ARROW
Reconstructed Models
Among the Pierce-Arrow reconstructed cars now ready for delivery at the very beginning of the Touring season will be found one to suit almost every purse and wish. There are both four and six cylinder Models of various seating capacities and horse powers, at prices that are in many instances less than the original factory cost to manufacturer. Each car is fully guaranteed.
Pierce-Arrow Sales Company
754 Main Street
Buffalo, N.Y.

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McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

"PITTSBURG PERFECT"

Electric Welded Fences.

For poultry, hogs, and stock.
We have it in all styles and from 26 inches to 58 inches high.
Just the thing for Lawn and Garden. Stop in and look it over.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

It is The Wounded Bird That Flutters.

Wind Whistles, Prices Talk.

We belong to no Combination of Prices. Our Aim Will be to Sell Goods at the Market Value.

Best granulated sugar	6c
Royal baking powder	39c
7 bars oak leaf soap	25c
6 bars Fels Naptha soap	25c
Gold Dust, large size	19c
Post toasties 9c, 3 for	25c
Kellogs corn flakes 9c, 3 for	25c
Arm & Hammar soda	6c
Corn starch	6c
Good green tea	38c
Good uncolored tea	42c
Good Rio coffee	25c
Good Rio and Java	28c
6 lbs oat flakes	25c

Headquarters for fresh fruit and vegetables.

Prompt Delivery Bell 'phone 107

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 9, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—License court next Monday.

—The first and final accounts appear in this issue.

—"The Devil" at the Lyceum next Thursday evening.

—Housecleaning is much in vogue at the present time.

—Read the new advertisement of Engstrom & Olson this week.

—Ellsworth, the grocer, has an interesting advertisement in this issue.

—Don't forget "The Devil" at the Lyceum next Thursday night, May 16. This is a great show.

—Miss Mabel Day is confined to her home on West Water street suffering with appendicitis.

—Leo L. Herzog has purchased a new E. M. F. automobile from the Eckus Novelty Company.

—Potatoes were selling in Whitesville, N. Y., at 85 cents per bushel last week according to an exchange.

—The Civic Club held a very entertaining and instructive meetling at St. Luke's parish house Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. Samuel E. Bell entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—T. F. Hungiville and John Saulbaugh have purchased a new E. M. F. automobile through the agency of the Eckus Novelty Company.

—Members of the class of 1913 of the Smethport High School will entertain the class of 1912 and faculty Saturday evening at the school building.

—Married people seem to be more satisfied with their mates in this county at present. Only one divorce notice is published for the June term of court.

—William Russell Robinson of Philadelphia and Margaret Ethel Gooch of New York City were married Tuesday afternoon, May 7, 1912, by Justice A. W. Colegrove.

—Charles Warnberger of this place and Miss Sadie Harvey of Shinglehouse were married at the home of the bride's parents Saturday evening, April 27, 1912.

—Ed. Whitelaw, who has been in the employ of Dr. Burg Chadwick for the past two years, has resigned and accepted a position as chauffeur for Scott F. Redfield.

—Mrs. John Clark, who has been suffering with typhoid fever ever since she returned from a trip to Mexico, is, we are pleased to note, much improved and is expected to be out in a few days.

—Don't forget for a minute that Smethport is going to have the biggest, grandest and best Fourth of July celebration in this section and that everybody should make it a point to be here that day.

—Eugene Farrel and Fred R. Brennan, formerly of this place, have purchased the business of the Biber Bread & Biscuit Co., at Kane. Mr. Brennan's many friends here wish them success in their new venture.

—Bill Fuller, who has been acting as janitor of the court house during the time that Janitor Bush has been in quarantine, has done some excellent work in trimming up the evergreen trees on the court house lawn.

—The Surprise Oil company drilled in a dry hole on the county farm this week. This well is located in an easterly direction from the wells which are such good producers and it shows that the oil belt does not extend this way any further.

—Next Thursday evening, May 16, the play "The Devil," will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum. This play is one of the greatest dramatic sensations of the age and should be seen by all who enjoy a good show.

—Methodist Episcopal church, Sunday. Morning subject, "The Sunday We Want and the Sunday We Need." Evening subject, "Hindrances to a Profitable Sunday." Men's Bible class at 12 m. Men are most cordially invited to this class.

—The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kelley of this place was playing around a bon-fire on May 1 and fell into it and got burnt very bad before she was rescued. Dr. Winlock was quickly summoned to dress the wounds.—Shinglehouse Mail.

—The Miner wishes to advise automobile drivers and motorcyclists that the speed limit in this borough is twelve miles an hour, and that some of the more careless ones are liable to have the law enforced against them without further notice.

—A leap year dancing party will be given by a number of young people in town this Friday evening at the Smethport Lyceum. Chardick's augmented orchestra of ten pieces will furnish music and an excellent time is assured.

—Miss Hazel Stickles, Miss Ada Ness and Russell Abbbey entertained their friends at a masquerade party in Holder's Hall last Friday evening. Acker's orchestra furnished the music for the occasion and refreshments were served. A fine time is reported.

—The Glenn Oil company well which was drilled in last week and shot on Monday is one of the best producers in the Smethport field. This well is located on the south side of what is called the "shoestring" belt and is expected to be of much service in the location of other wells in that field.

—Fifty people watched a sensational shooting affray at DuBois last Thursday morning, when Cartini Sicco tried to kill and succeeded in severely wounding Tony Valardo. Both are Italians and the trouble started over some tools they were working with. Sicco is in jail and Valardo is in the hospital.

—The Smethport Water Company is at work fixing the leak in its lines at the corner of Main and Fulton streets. The leak was found in an old dead line leading down Fulton street, and it was necessary to dig seven feet under the pavement to the water main to shut off this old line that has been giving so much trouble.

—An article about the State Hospital for the insane at North Warren which appears on our first local page is a trifle misleading. Since that article was printed we learn that although the hospital is so crowded that no patients will be taken from other districts the insane in its own district will be properly cared for.

—Smethport Circle, No. 25 of the P. H. C., since April 1st has initiated 78 new members and applications brought in Tuesday evening to make 85. The work is done by the degree staff of thirteen ladies, who do their work in a very fine manner. They expect to make it 100 by June 1st, which will make the total membership 360.

—M. B. Pierce of Bradford, one of the best known hotel men in the county, will take charge at Rock City as manager of attractions there during the summer season. He will have charge of the pavilian and see to it that visitors to The Rocks shall not lack entertainment. The season's opening will be announced in a short time.—Bradford Era.

—Roy Dye, a local fisherman of some note, brought in one of the finest baskets of trout last Saturday that has been seen here in many a day. He had twenty of the beauties that nearly filled an eight-pound basket, which he had caught on Cole creek that day. Five of them were over a foot long and the rest gradually ran down to about seven inches.

—Sam Stull of Portville, and well known in Smethport, has purchased the interest of F. B. Digel in the store of Digel & Mosier at Farmers Valley. J. C. Stull, father of Sam, was the owner of this store for many years previous to the proprietorship of Digel & Mosier, and we trust that the new firm will be as successful as their predecessors of the last generation.

—The body of a baby was found floating in the Canandagway creek about 6 o'clock Monday morning by D. G. Sackett, a milkman, who was crossing the bridge at Risley street, Fredonia, N. Y. The body was about fifteen feet from the bridge and the child had probably died Saturday night. The police have taken charge of the body, which weighs about ten pounds.

—The new officers of the consolidated First National and Citizens Bank of Port Allegany are: President, C. Willard; first vice-president, C. A. Dolley; second vice-president, F. F. Bard; cashier, M. L. App; assistant cashier, Leonard Maher; bookkeeper, W. Barbo; assistant bookkeeper, J. Boland; directors, C. Wilhelm, C. A. Dolley, John Wyman, Carl Wolford and G. V. Spraker.

—H. H. Sasse, one of Smethport's well known young business men, has purchased a half interest in E. W. Jones' livery, feed and sales stables, located opposite the court house in this borough, and the firm will hereafter be known as Jones & Sasse. Messrs. Jones and Sasse should make a hustling team and we predict that they will make a decided success of the business, as Mr. Jones has in the past.

—"Buke" Servatius, who is playing first base for the Wheeling, W. Va., team in the Central league, was hit in the head by a pitched ball on Friday and rendered unconscious, and from all reports his condition at the time was thought to be serious, but is somewhat improved now. He will be out of the game for some time. "Buke" is one of the old Smethport "home growns" and he has many friends here who hope for his speedy recovery. And incidentally we might mention that up to the time of his injury he was more than making good with his team.

—J. H. Wheeler, owner of the milk depot at Bradford, is supposed to have drowned himself in the Allegheny river near Riverside early Tuesday morning. About four months ago he was thrown from a milk wagon and received injuries which now are supposed to have unbalanced his mind, although they were not considered serious at the time. At his store and in a suit case near where tracks were found leading to the river were notes stating that he was mentally unbalanced and that he intended to drown himself. He made the request that no effort be made to recover his body. The body has not been found. He is said to have a wife in North Carolina.

—Governor John K. Tener last Thursday paid a fine for exceeding the speed limit while passing through the city of Reading in his automobile last Sunday. He was notified by Chief Green that if fine and costs amounting to $11.25 were not paid within a reasonable time the state would be asked to revoke his license. The governor sent his personal check with a letter stating that while the state, the owner of the car, could not be sued, the governor desired to live up to the law. It was stated that there was no intention to exceed the limit, and that he had gone through the town a dozen times at the same speed before while on business for the state, but no notice was given him.

—James A. Keyes, who arrived at Song Bird, McKean county, last week from Arcadia Parish, La., committed suicide early Sunday morning by inhaling illuminating gas through a rubber hose connected with a gas fixture above his bed. He had gone from Louisiana to visit a married daughter at Song Bird and decided to locate there with his son, aged 17. The son went to Belmont on Friday and his father purchased some supplies in Bradford to be used in their new home where the father and son were to maintain bachelor quarters. Keyes spent Friday night with his daughter and then left to fix up his new home. The son returned Sunday and discovering his father had not been seen since Saturday morning investigated and discovered him dead in bed. The deceased was a former resident of Bradford, where he was in the watchmaking business. His wife died some years ago.

LOST DOG.

A white and brown ticked setter pup, aged 7 months. Finder will be rewarded by returning to the office of the Smethport Water Company.

HERE

in this store, we have

BOYS' SUITS

EACH WITH

2 Pairs of Pants

Both Linen Lined, at

$4.00 to $6.00

Ages, 7 to 18.

They must be seen to be appreciated and worn to discover, that ours are the

very best Boys' Suits

that money can purchase.

Your moneys worth, Or your money Back

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

The One Price Store.

"Puritan" Art Drapery Fabrics

Your attention this week if you please to our stock of silkolines, French Curtain Muslins, Swiss Muslins, Scrims, Curtain Nets, Cretonnes, Denims, Art Tickings, Satin Damasks, etc.

Never before have we shown better assortments of the fabrics so much wanted at the spring renovating time as we have on display just now. In our window this week may be seen a sample of what may be accomplished with these artistic creations of the Drapery Weaves and printers Art.—Come, We'll be glad to show them to you.

Cretonnes 9c to 35c
Mulls 10c to 20c
Denims 25c to 30c
Lace curtains 75c to $5.75 pr.
Portiers $2.50 to $4.50 pair
Silkolines 12½c
Scrims 15c to 38c
Satin Damasks 50c to $1.25
Couch covers $1.50 to $5.75

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT. : : : PA.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in four feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

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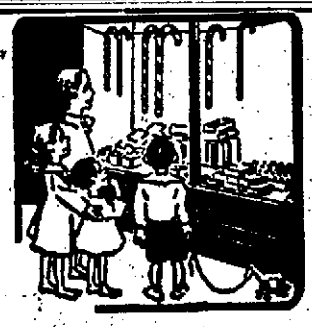
COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE



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When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,

PHONE 7.

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna

EXCUSE ME!

By RUPERT HUGHES

NOVELIZED FROM THE COMEDY OF THE SAME NAME. T T T

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLAY AS PRODUCED By HENRY W. SAVAGE.

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CHAPTER V.—She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb

CHAPTER VI.—Latter blames Mrs Jimmie for her marital troubles Classmates of Mallory decorate bridal berth

CHAPTER VII.—Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling.

CHAPTER VIII.—Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell.

CHAPTER IX.—Passengers join Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding hazing.

CHAPTER X.—Marjorie is distracted over their situation.

CHAPTER XI.—Ira Lathrop, womanhating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Anne Gattle, a fellow passenger.

CHAPTER XII.—Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers.

CHAPTER XIII.—Mrs. Wellington hears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb.

CHAPTER XVI.—Mrs. Jimmie discovers Wellington on the train.

CHAPTER XVII.—Mallory again makes an unsuccessful hunt for a preacher

CHAPTER XVIII.—Dr. Temple poses as a physician. Mrs Temple is induced by Mrs Wellington to smoke a cigar.

CHAPTER XIX.—Sight of preacher on a station platform raises Mallory's hopes, but he takes another train.

CHAPTER XX.—Missing hand baggage compels the couple to borrow from passengers.

CHAPTER XXI.—Jimmie gets a cinder in his eye and Mrs Jimmie gives first-aid. Coolness is then resumed.

CHAPTER XXII.—Still no clergyman. More borrowing

CHAPTER XXIII.—Dr Temple puzzled by behavior of different couples

CHAPTER XXIV.—Marjorie's jealousy aroused by Mallory's baseball jargon

CHAPTER XXV.—Marjorie suggests wrecking the train in hopes that accident will produce a preacher

CHAPTER XXVI.—Marjorie tries to induce the conductor to hold the train so she can shop

CHAPTER XXVI.

Delilah and the Conductor.

Like the best of women and the worst of men, Marjorie was perfectly willing to do evil, that good might come of it She advanced on the innocent conductor, as the lady from Sorek must have sidled up to Samson, coquetting with one arch hand and snipping the shears with the other.

The stupefied Mallory saw Marjorie in a startling imitation of herself at her sweetest; only now it was brazen mimicry, yet how like' She went forward as the shyest young thing in the world, pursed her lips into an ecstatic simper, and began on the unsuspecting official:

"Isn't the country perfectly—"

"Yes, but I'm getting used to it," the conductor growled, without looking up

His curt indifference jolted Marjorie a trifle, but she rallied her forces, and came back with: 'How long do we stop at Ogden?'

"Five minutes," very bluntly.

Marjorie poured maple syrup on her tone, as she purred. 'This train of yours is an awfully fast train, isn't it?"

"Sort of," said the conductor, with just a trace of thaw What followed made him hold his breath, for the outrageous little hussy was actually saying. "The company must have a great deal of confidence in you to entrust the lives and welfare of so many people to your presence of mind and courage."

"Well, of course, I can't say as to that—" Even Mallory could see that the man's reserve was melting fast as Marjorie went on with relentless treacle:

"Talk about soldiers and firemen and life-savers' I think it takes a braver man than any of those to be a conductor—really"

"Well, it is a kind of a responsible job." The conductor swelled his chest a little at that, and Marjorie felt that he was already hers She hammered the weak spot in his armor:

"Responsible! I should say it is. Mr. Mallory is a soldier, but soldiers are such ferocious, destructive people, while conductors save lives, and —if I were only a man I think it would be my greatest ambition to be a conductor—especially on an overland express."

The conductor told the truth when he confessed: "Well, I never heard it put just that way." Then he spoke with a little more pride, hoping to increase the impression he felt he was making: "The main thing, of course, is to get my train through On Time!"

This was a facer. He was going to get his train through On Time just to oblige Marjorie She stammered: "I don't suppose the train, by any accident, would be delayed in leaving Ogden?"

"Not if I can help it," the hero averred, to reassure her.

"I wish it would," Marjorie murmured

The conductor looked at her in surprise' 'Why, what's it to you?" She turned her eyes on him at full candle power, and smiled:

'Oh, I just wanted to do a little shopping there."

"Shopping! While the train waits! Excuse me!"

"You see," Marjorie fluttered, "by a sad mistake, my baggage isn't on the train. And I haven't any—any—I really need to buy some—some things very badly. It's awfully embarrassing to be without them."

"I can imagine," the conductor mumbled. "Why don't you and your husband drop off and take the next train?"

"My husb—Mr. Mallory has to be in San Francisco by tomorrow night. He just has to!"

"So have I."

"But to oblige me? To save me from distress—don't you think you could?" Like a sweet little child she twisted one of the brass buttons on his coat sleeve, and wheedled: "Don't you think you might hold the train just a little tiny half hour?"

He was sorry, but he didn't see how he could. Then she took his breath away again, by asking, out of a clear sky: "Are you married?"

He was as awkward as if she had proposed to him, she answered for him. 'Oh, but of course you are The women wouldn't let a big, handsome, noble brave giant like you escape long." He mopped his brow in agony as she went on: "I'm sure you're a very chivalrous man I'm sure you would give your life to rescue a maiden in distress. Well, here's your chance. Won't you please hold the train?"

She actually had her cheek almost against his shoulder, though she had to poise atiptoe to reach him. Mallory's dismay was changing to a boiling rage, and the conductor was a pitiable combination of Saint Anthony and Tantalus. "I—I'd love to oblige you," he mumbled, "but it would be as much as my job's worth"

"How much is that?" Marjorie asked, and added reassuringly, "If you lost your job I'm sure my father would get you a better one"

"Maybe," said the conductor, "but—I got this one."

Then his rolling eyes caught sight of the supposed husband gesticulating wildly and evidently clearing for action He warned Marjorie: "Say, your husband is motioning at you"

"Don't mind him," Marjorie urged, "just listen to me I implore you. I—" Seeing that he was still resisting, she played her last card, and, crying, "Oh, you can't resist my prayers so cruelly," she threw her arms around his neck, sobbing. "Do you want to break my heart?"

Mallory rushed into the scene and the conductor, tearing Marjorie's arms loose, retreated, gasping, "No' and I don't want your husband to break my head."

Mallory dragged Marjorie away, but she shook her little fist at the conductor, crying: "Do you refuse? Do you dare refuse?"

"I've got to," the conductor abjectly insisted

Marjorie blazed with fury and the siren became a Scylla. 'Then I'll see that my father gets you discharged. If you dare to speak to me again, I'll order my husband to throw you off this train. To think of being refused a simple little favor by a mere conductor! of a stupid old emigrant train!! of all things!!!"

Then she buried herself into a chair and pounded her heels on the floor in a tantrum that paralyzed Mallory. Even the conductor tapped him on the shoulder and said: "You have my sympathy."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Dog-on Dog Again.

As the conductor left the Malloryś to their own devices, it rushed over him anew what sacrilege had been attempted—a fool bride had asked him to stop the Trans-American of all trains!—to go shopping of all things!

He stormed into the smoking room to open the safety valve of his wrath, and found the porter just coming out of the buffet cell with a tray, two hollow-stemmed glasses and a bottle swaddled in a napkin.

"Say, Ellsworth, what in —— do you suppose that female back there wants?—wants me to hold the Trans-American while—"

But the porter was in a flurry himself. He was about to serve champagne, and he cut the conductor short:

"'Scuse me, boss, but they's a lovin' couple in the stateroom forward that is in a powerful hurry for this. I can't talk to you now. I'll see you later." And he swaggered off, leaving the door of the buffet open. The conductor paused to close it, glanced in, started, stared, glared, roared: "What's this! Well, I'll be—a dog smuggled in here! I'll break that coon's head. Come out of there, you miserable or'nary hound." He seized the incredulous Snoozleums by the scruff of his neck, growling. "It's you for the baggage car ahead," and dashed out with his prey, just as Mallory, now getting new bearings on Marjorie's character, spoke across the rampart of his Napoleonically folded arms:

"Well, you're a nice one!—making violent love to a conductor before my very eyes A minute more and I would have—"

She silenced him with a snap: "Don't you speak to me' I hate you! I hate all men. The more I know men the more I like—" this reminded her, and she asked anxiously: "Where is Snoozleums?"

Mallory, impatient at the shift of subject, snapped back: "Oh, I left him in the buffet with the waiter. What I want to know is how you dare to—"

"Was it a colored waiter?"

'Of course. But I'm not speaking of—"

"But suppose he should bite him?"

"Oh, you can't hurt those nigger waiters. I started to say—"

"But I can't have Snoozleums biting colored people It might not agree with him. Get him at once."

Mallory trembled with suppressed rage like an overloaded boiler, but he gave up and growled: 'Oh, Lord, all right. I'll get him when I've finished—"

"Go get him this minute And bring the poor darling back to his mother."

"His mother! Ye gods!" cried Mallory, wildly. He turned away and dashed into the men's room with a furious: "Where's that damned dog?"

He met the porter just returning. The porter smiled' "He's right in heah, sir," and opened the buffet door. His eyes popped and his jaw sagged: "Why, I let' him here just a minute ago,"

"You left the window open, too," Mallory observed. "Well, I guess he's gone"

The porter was panic-stricken: "Oh, I'm turrible sorry, boss, I wouldn't have lost dat dog for a fortune. If you was to hit me with a axe I wouldn't mind."

To his utter befuddlement, Mallory grinned and winked at him, and murmured: "Oh, that's all right. Don't worry." And actually laid half a dollar in his palm. Leaving the black lids batting over the starting eyes, Mallory pulled his smile into a long face and went back to Marjorie like an undertaker: "My love, prepare yourself for bad news."

Marjorie looked up, startled and apprehensive: "Snoozleums is ill. He did bite the darkey."

"Worse than that—he—he—fell out of the window."

"When!" she shrieked, "in heaven's name—when?"

"He was there just a minute ago, the waiter says."

Marjorie went into instant hysterics, wringing her hands and sobbing: "Oh, my darling, my poor child—stop the train at once!"

She began to pound Mallory's shoulders and shake him frantically. He had never seen her this way either. He was getting his education in advance. He tried to calm her with inexpert words: "How can I stop the train? Now, dearie, he was a nice dog, but after all, he was only a dog"

She rounded on him like a panther: "Only a dog! He was worth a dozen men like you. You find the conductor at once, command him to stop this train—and back up! I don't care if he has to go back ten miles. Run, tell him at once. Now, you run!"

Mallory stared at her as if she had gone mad, but he set out to run somewhere, anywhere. Marjorie paced up and down distractedly, tearing her hair and moaning, "Snoozleums, Snoozleums! My child. My poor child!" At length her wildly roving eyes noted the bell rope. She stared, pondered, nodded her head, clutched at it, could not reach it, jumped for it several times in vain, then seized a chair, swung it into place, stood up in it, gripped the rope, and came down on it with all her weight, dropping to the floor and jumping up and down in a frenzied dance. In the distance the engine could be heard faintly whistling, whistling for every pull.

The engineer, far ahead, could not imagine what unheard-of crisis could bring about such mad signals. The fireman yelled:

"I bet that crazy conductor is attacked with an epilettic fit."

But, there was no disputing the command. The engine was reversed, the air brakes set, the sand run out and every effort made to pull the iron horse, as it were, back on its haunches

The grinding, squealing, jolting, shook the train like an earthquake. The shrieking of the whistle froze the blood like a woman's cry of "Murder!" in the night. The women among the passengers echded the screams. The men turned pale and braced themselves for the shock of collision. Some of them were mumbling prayers. Dr. Temple and Jimmie Wellington, with one idea in their dissimilar souls, dashed from the smoking room to go to their wives.

Ashton and Wedgewood, with no one to care for but themselves, seized windows and tried to fight them open. At last they budged a sash and knelt down to thrust their heads out.

"I don't see a beastly thing ahead," said Wedgewood, "except the heads of other fools."

"We're slowing down though," said Ashton, "she stops! We're safe. Thank God!" And he collapsed into a chair. Wedgewood collapsed into another, gasping' "Whaleveh are we safe from, I wondah?"

The train-crew and various passengers descended and ran alongside the train asking questions. Panic gave way to mystery. Even Dr. Temple came back into the smoking room to finish a precious cigar he had been at work on. He was followed by Little Jimmie, who had not quite reached his wife when the stopping of the train put an end to his excuse for chivalry. He was regretfully mumbling:

"It would have been such a good shaneh to shave my life's wife—I mean my—I don't know what I mean." He sank into a chair and ordered a drink; then suddenly remembered his vow, and with great heroism, rescinded the order.

Mallory, finding that the train was checked just before he reached the conductor, saw that official's bewildered wrath at the stoppage and had a fearsome intuition that Marjorie had somehow done the deed He hurried back to the observation room, where he found her charging up and down, still distraught He paused at a safe distance and said:

"The train has stopped, my dear. Somebody rang the bell"

"I guess somebody did!" Marjorie answered, with a proud toss of the head. 'Where's the conductor?"

"He's looking for the fellow that pulled the rope"

'You go tell him to back up—and slowly, too"

"No, thank you!" said Mallory. He was a brave young man, but he was not boarding the conductors of stopped expresses. Already the conductor's voice was heard in the smoking room, where he appeared with the rush and roar of a Bashan bull. "Well!" he bellowed, "which one of you guys pulled that rope?"

"It was nobody here, sir," Dr. Temple meekly explained. The conductor transfixed him with a baleful glare: "I wouldn't believe a gambler on oath. I bet you did it."

"I assure you, sir," Wedgewood interposed, "he didn't touch it. I was heah."

The conductor waved him aside and charged into the observation room, followed by all the passengers in an awe-struck rabble Here, too, the conductor thundered: "Who pulled that rope? Speak up somebody."

Mallory was about to sacrifice himself to save Marjorie, but she met the conductor's black rage with the withering contempt of a young queen: "I pulled the old rope. Whom did you suppose?'

The conductor almost dropped with apoplexy at finding himself with nobody to vent his immense rage on, but this pink and white slip "You!" he gulped, "well, what in— Say, in the name of—why, don't you know it's a penitentiary offense to stop a train this way?"

Marjorie tossed her head a little higher, graw a little calmer: "What do I care? I want you to back up"

The conductor was reduced to a wet rag, a feeble echo: "Back up—the train up?"

"Yes, back the train up," Marjorie answered, resolutely, "and go slowly till I tell you to stop"

The conductor stared at her a moment, then whirled on Mallory. "Say, what in hell's the matter with your wife?"

Mallory was saved from the problem of answering by Marjorie's abrupt change from a young Tsarina rebuking a serf, to a terrified mother. She flung out imploring palms and with a gush of tears pleaded: "Won't you please back up? My darling child fell off the train"

The conductor's rage fell away in an instant. "Your child fell off the train!" he gasped. "Good Lord! How old was he?"

With one hand he was groping for the bell cord to give the signal, with the other he opened the door to look back along the track.

"He was two years old," Marjorie sobbed.

"Oh, that's too bad!" the conductor groaned. "What did he look like?"

"He had a pink ribbon round his neck."

"A pink ribbon—oh, the poor little fellow! the poor little fellow!"

"And a long curly tail."

The conductor swung round with a yell: "A curly tail!—your son?"

"My dog!" Marjorie roared back at him.

The conductor's voice cracked weakly as he shrieked: "Your dog! You stopped this train for a fool dog!"

"He wasn't a fool dog," Marjorie retorted, facing him down, "he knows more than you do."

The conductor threw up his hands: "Well, don't you women beat—" He studied Marjorie as if she were some curious freak of nature. Suddenly an idea struck into his daze: "Say, what kind of a dog was it?—a measly little cheese-hound?"

"He was a noble, beautiful soul with wonderful eyes and adorable ears."

The conductor was growing weaker and weaker: "Well, don't worry. I got him. He's in the baggage car"

Marjorie stared at him unbelievingly. The news seemed too gloriously beautiful to be true "He isn't dead—Snoozleums is not dead!" she cried, "he lives! He lives' You have saved him" And once more she flung herself upon the conductor. He tried to bat her off like a gnat, and Mallory came to his rescue by dragging her away and shoving her into a chair. But she saw only the noble conductor: "Oh, you dear, good, kind angel. Get him at once"

"He stays in the baggage car," the conductor answered, firmly and as he supposed, finally.

"But Snoozleums doesn't like baggage cars," Marjorie smiled. "He won't ride in one"

"He'll ride in this one or I'll wring his neck."

"You fiend in human flesh!" Marjorie shrank away from him in horror, and he found courage to seize the bell rope and yank it viciously with a sardonic: "Please, may I start this train?"

The whistle tooted faintly. The bell began to hammer, the train to creak and writhe and click. The conductor pulled his cap down hard and started forward. Marjorie seized his sleeve: "Oh, I implore you, don't consign that poor sweet child to the horrid baggage car. If you have a human heart in your breast, hear my prayer."

The conductor surrendered unconditionally. "Oh, Lord, all right, all right. I'll lose my job, but if you'll keep quiet, I'll bring him to you." And he slunk out meekly, followed by the passengers, who were shaking their heads in wonderment at this most amazing feat of this most amazing bride.

When they were alone once more, Marjorie, as radiant as April after a storm, turned her sunshiny smile on Mallory:

"Isn't it glorious to have our little Snoozleums alive and well?"

But Mallory was feeling like a March day. He answered with a sleety chill' "You care more for the dog than you do for me."

"Why shouldn't I?" Marjorie answered with wide eyes, 'Snoozleums never would have brought me on a wild goose elopement like this Heaven knows he didn't want to come"

Mallory repeated the indictment: "You love a dog better than you love your husband"

"My what?" Marjorie laughed, then she spoke with lofty condescension: "Harry Mallory, if you're going to be jealous of that dog, I'll never marry you the longest day I live"

"So you'll let a dog come between us!" he demanded

"I wouldn't give up Snoozleums for a hundred husbands," she retorted.

"I'm glad to know it in time," Mallory said "You'd better give me back that wedding ring"

Marjorie's heart stopped at this but her pride was in arms She drew herself up, slid the ring from her finger, and held it out as if she scorned it. "With pleasure. Good afternoon Mr Mallory."

Mallory took it as if it were the merest trifle, bowed and murmured "Good afternoon, Miss Newton."

He stalked out and she turned her back on him. A casual witness would have said that they were too indifferent to each other even to feel anger. As a matter of romantic fact each was on fire with love, and aching madly with regret. Each longed for strength to whirl round with outflung arms of reconciliation, and neither could be so brave. And so they parted, each barking back fiercely for one word of recall from the other. But neither spoke, and Marjorie sat staring at nothing through raining eyes while Mallory strode into the Men's Room as melancholy as Hamlet with Yorick's skull in his hands.

It was their first great quarrel, and they were convinced that the world might as well come to an end.

HE SHOVED KITTY INTO A SEAT.

THE PREACHER DARTED TO THE DOOR.

MARJORIE ASKS THE CONDUCTOR TO HOLD THE TRAIN SO S CAN SHOP.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Woman-Hater's Relapse.

The observation room was as lonely as a deserted battlefield and Marjorie as doleful as a wounded soldier left behind, and perishing of thirst, when the conductor came back with Snoozleums in his arms

He regarded with contemptuous awe the petty cause of so great an event as the stopping of the Trans-American. He expected to see Marjorie receive the returned prodigal with wild rapture, but she didn't even smile when he said:

"Here's your powder-puff"

She just took Snoozleums on her lap, and, looking up with wet eyes and a sad smile, murmured:

"Thank you very much. You're the nicest conductor I ever met. If you ever want another position, I'll see that my father gets you one"

It was like offering the kaiser a new job, but the conductor swallowed the insult and sought to repay it with irony

"Thanks And if you ever want to run this road for a couple of weeks, just let me know."

Marjorie nodded appreciatively and said: "I will. You're very kind."

And that completed the rout of that conductor He retired in disorder, leaving Marjorie to fondle Snoozleums with a neglectful indifference that would have greatly flattered Mallory, if he could have seen through the partition that divided them.

But he was witnessing with the cynical superiority of an aged and disillusioned man the, to him, childish behavior of Ira Lathrop, an eleventh-hour Orlando.

For just as Mallory moped into the smoking-room at one door, Ira Lathrop swept in at the other, his face rubicund with embarrassment and ecstasy He had donned an old frock coat with creases like ruts from long exile in his trunk. But he was feeling like an heir apparent, and he startled everybody by his jovial hail:

"Well, boys—er—gentlemen — the drinks are on me. Waiter, take the orders"

Little Jimmie woke with a start, rose hastily to his feet and saluted, saying: "Present! Who said take the orders?"

"I did," said Lathrop, "I'm giving a party Waiter, take the orders"

"Sarsaparilla," said Dr. Temple, but they howled him down and ordered other things. The porter shook his head sadly. "Nothin' but sof' drinks in Utah, gemmen."

A groan went up from the club-members, and Lathrop groaned loudest of all.

'Well, we've got to drink something. Take the orders We'll all have sarsaparilla"

Little Jimmie Wellington came to the rescue

"Don t do anything desperate, gentlemen," he said, with a look of divine philanthropy "The bar's closed, but Little Jimmie Wellington is here with the life preserver" From his hip-pocket he produced a silver flask that looked to be big enough to carry a regiment through the Alps It was greeted with a salvo, and Lathrop said to Jimmie: "I apologize for everything I have said—and thought—about you' He turned to the porter: "There ain't any law against giving this way, is there?"

The porter grinned: 'Not if you-all bribe the exercise-inspector." And he held out a glass for the bribe, murmuring, "Don't git tired," as it was poured. He set it inside his sanctum and then bustled round with ice-filled glasses and a siphon.

When Little Jimmie offered of the flask to Dr. Temple, the clergyman put out his hand with a politely horrified: "No, thank you"

Lathrop frightened him with a sudden comment: "Look at that gesture! Doc, I'd almost swear you were a parson."

Mallory whirled on him with the eyes of a hawk about to pounce, and "The very idea!" was the best disclaimer Dr. Temple could manage, suddenly finding himself suspected Ashton put in with, "The only way to disprove it, Doc, is to join us."

The poor old clergyman, too deeply involved in his deception to brave confession now, decided to do and dare all. He stammered, "Er—ah—certainly," and held out his hand for his share of the poison. Little Jimmie winked at the others and almost filled the glass. The innocent doctor bowed his thanks. When the porter reached him and prepared to fill the remainder of the glass from the siphon, the parson waved him aside with a misguided caution:

"No, thanks. I'll not mix them"

Mallory turned away with a sigh: "He takes his straight. He's no parson."

Then they forgot the doctor in curiosity as to Lathrop's sudden spasm of generosity—with Wellington's liquor. Wedgewood voiced the general curiosity when he said:

"What's the old woman-hater up to now?"

"Woman-hater?" laughed Ira. "It's the old story. I'm going to follow Mallory's example—marriage."

"I hope you succeed," said Mallory.

"Wherever did you pick up the bride?" said Wedgewood, mellowing with the long glass in his hand.

"Brides are easy," said Mallory, with surprising cynicism. "Where do you get the parson?"

"Hang the parson," Wedgewood repeated, "Who's the girl?"

"I'll bet I know who she is," Ashton interposed; "it's that nectarine of a damsel who got on at Green River."

"Not the same!" Lathrop roared. "I found my bride blooming here all the while. Girl I used to spark back in Brattleboro, Vt. I've been vowing for years that I'd live and die an old maid. I've kept my head out of the noose all this time—till I struck this train and met up with Anne. We got to talking over old times—waking up old sentiments. She got on my nerves. I got on hers Finally I said, 'Aw, hell, let's get married. Save price of one stateroom to China anyway.' She says, 'Damned if I don't!'—or words to that effect."

Mallory broke in with feverish interest: "But you said you were going to get married on this train."

"Nothing easier. Here's how!" and he raised his glass, but Mallory hauled it down to demand: "How? that's what I want to know. How are you going to get married on this parsonless express Have you got a little minister in your suitcase?"

Ira beamed with added pride as he explained.

"Well, you see, when I used to court Anne I had a rival—Charlie Selby his name was. I thought he cut me out, but he became a clergyman in Utah—Oh, Charlie! I telegraphed him that I was passing through Ogden, and would he come down to the train and marry me to a charming lady. He always wanted to marry Anne. I thought it would be a durned good joke to let him marry her—to me"

"D-did he accept?" Mallory asked, excitedly, "is he coming?"

"He is—he did—here's his telegram," said Ira "He brings the license and the ring" He passed it over, and as Mallory read it a look of hope spread across his face. But Ira was saying: "We're going to have the wedding obsequies right here in this car. You're all invited. Will you come?"

There was a general yell of acceptance and Ashton began to sing, 'There Was I Waiting at the Church' Then he led a sort of Indian war-dance round the next victim of the matrimonial stake. At the end of the hullaballoo all the men charged their glasses, and drained them with an uproarious "How!"

Poor Dr. Temple had taken luxurious delight in the success of his disguise and in the prospect of watching some other clergyman working while he rested He joined the dance as gaily, if not as gracefully, as any of the rest, and in a final triumph of recklessness, he tossed off a bumper of straight whisky.

Instantly his 'How!" changed to "Wow!" and then his throat clamped fast with a terrific spasm that flung the tears from his eyes. He bent and writhed in a silent paroxysm till he was pounded and shaken back to life and water poured down his throat to reopen a passage

The others thought he had merely choked and made no comment other than sympathy. They could not have dreamed that the old "physician" was as ignorant of the taste as of the vigor of pure spirits.

After a riot of handshaking and good wishes, Ira was permitted to escape with his life. Mallory followed him to the vestibule, when he caught him by the sleeve with an anxious:

"Excuse me"

"Well, my boy—"

"Your minister—after you get through with him—may I use him?"

"May you—what? Why do you want a minister?'

"To get married"

"Again? Good Lord, are you a Mormon?"

"Me a Mormon!"

"Then what do you want with an extra wife? It's against the law—even in Utah"

"You don't understand."

"My boy, one of us is disgracefully drunk."

'Well, I'm not," said Mallory, and then after a fierce inner debate, he decided to take Lathrop into his confidence The words came hard after so long a duplicity, but at last they were out:

"Mr. Lathrop, I'm not really married to my wife"

"You young scoundrel!"

But his fury changed to pity when he heard the history of Mallory's ill-fated efforts, and he promised not only to lend Mallory his minister at second hand, but also to—keep the whole affair a secret, for Mallory explained his intention of having his own ceremony in the baggage-car, or somewhere out of sight of the other passengers.

Mallory's face was now aglow as the cold embers of hope leaped into sudden blaze. He wrung Lathrop's hand, saying: "Lord love you, you've saved my life—wife—both."

Then he turned and ran to Marjorie with the good news. He had quite forgotten their epoch-making separation. And she was so glad to see him smiling at her again that she forgot it, too. He came tearing into the observation room and took her by the shoulders, whispering: "Oh, Marjorie, Marjorie, I've got him! I've got him!"

"No, I've got him," she said, swinging Snoozleums into view.

Mallory swung him back out of the way: "I don't mean a poodle, I mean a parson. I've got a parson."

"No! I can't believe it! Where is he?" She began to dance with delight, but she stopped when he explained:

"Well, I haven't got him yet, but I'm going to get one."

"What—again!" she groaned, weary of this old bunco game of hope.

"It's a real live one this time," Mallory insisted. "Mr. Lathrop has ordered a minister and he's going to lend him to me as soon as he's through with him, and we'll be married on this train."

Marjorie was overwhelmed, but she felt it becoming in her to be a trifle coy. So she pouted: "But you won't want me for a bride now, I'm such a fright"

He took the bait, hook and all: "I never saw you looking so adorable."

"Honestly? Oh, but it will be glorious to be Mrs. First Lieutenant Mallory."

"Glorious!"

"I must telegraph home—and sign my new name. Won't mamma be pleased?"

"Won't she?" said Mallory, with just a trace of dubiety.

Then Marjorie grew serious with a new idea: "I wonder if mamma and papa have missed me yet?"

Mallory laughed: "After three days' disappearance, I shouldn't be surprised"

"Perhaps they are worrying about me."

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"The poor dears! I'd better write them a telegram at once"

"An excellent idea."

She ran to the desk, found blank forms and then paused with knitted brow: "It will be very hard to say all I've got to say in ten words."

"Hang the expense," Mallory sniffed magnificently, "I'm paying your bills now."

But Marjorie tried to look very matronly: "Send a night letter in the day time! No, indeed, we must begin to economize."

Mallory was touched by this new revelation of her future housewifely thrift. He hugged her hard and reminded her that she could send a day-letter by wire.

"An excellent idea," she said "Now, don't bother me You go on and read your paper, read about Mattie. I'll never be jealous of her—him—of anybody—again"

"You shall never have cause for jealousy, my own."

But fate was not finished with the initiation of the unfortunate pair, and already new trouble was strolling in their direction

CHAPTER XXIX.

Jealousy Comes Aboard.

There was an air of domestic peace in the observation room, where Mallory and Marjorie had been left to themselves for some time. But the peace was like the ominous hush that precedes a tempest

Mallory was so happy with everything coming his way, that he was even making up with Snoozleums, stroking the tatted coat with one hand and holding up his newspaper with the other. He did not know all that was coming his way. The blissful silence was broken first by Marjorie:

"How do you spell Utah?—with a y?"

"Utah begins with You," he said—and rather liked his wit, listened for some recognition, and rose to get it, but she waved him away.

"Don't bother me, honey. Can't you see I'm busy?"

He kissed her hair and sauntered back, dividing his attention between Snoozleums and the ten-inning game.

And now there was a small commotion in the smoking room Through the glass along the corridor the men caught sight of the girl who had got on at Green River. Ashton saw her first and she saw him

"There she goes," Ashton hissed to the others, "look quick! There's the nectarine."

"My word! She's a little bit of all right, isn't she?"

Even Dr. Temple stared at her with approval: "Dear little thing, isn't she?"

The girl, very consciously unconscious of the admiration, moved demurely along, with eyes downcast, but at such an angle that she could take in the sensation she was creating, she went along picking up stares as if they were bouquets.

Her demeanor was a remarkable compromise between outrageous flirtation and perfect respectability. But she was looking back so intently that when she moved into the observation room she walked right into the newspaper Mallory was holding out before him.

Both said: "I beg your pardon"

When Mallory lowered the paper, both stared till their eyes almost popped. Her amazement was one of immediate rapture. He looked as if he would have been much obliged for a volcanic crater to sink into.

"Harry!" she gasped, and let fall her handbag.

"Kitty!" he gasped, and let fall his newspaper. Both bent, he handed her the newspaper and tossed the handbag into a chair; saw his mistake, withdrew the newspaper and proffered her Snoozleums. Marjorie stopped writing, pen poised in air, as if she had suddenly been petrified.

The newcomer was the first to speak. She fairly gushed: "Harry Mallory—of all people."

"Kitty! Kathleen! Miss Lewellyn!"

"Just to think of meeting you again."

"Just to think of it."

"And on this train of all places."

"On this train of all places!"

"Oh, Harry, Harry!"

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!"

"You dear fellow, it's so long since I saw you last."

"So long."

"It was at that last hop at West Point, remember?—why, it seems only yesterday, and how well you are looking. You are well, aren't you?"

"Not very." He was mopping his brow in anguish, and yet the room seemed strangely cold.

"Of course you look much better in your uniform. You aren't wearing your uniform, are you?"

"No, this is not my uniform."

"You haven't left the army, have you?"

"I don't know yet"

"Don't ever do that You are just beautiful in brass buttons"

"Thanks"

"Harry!"

"What's the matter with you?"

"What's this, this great tie, isn't this the one I knitted you?"

"I am sure I don't know, I borrowed it from the conductor."

"Don't you remember? I did knit you one."

"Did you? I believe you did! I think I wore it out."

"Oh, you fickle boy. But see what I have. What's this?"

He stared through the glassy eyes of complete helplessness. "It looks like a bracelet."

"Don't tell me you don't remember this!—the little bangle bracelet you gave me."

"D-did I give you a baygled brangle?"

"Of course you did And the inscription Don't you remember it?"

She held her wrist in front of his aching eyes and he perused as if it were his own epitaph, what she read aloud for him. "From Harry to Kitty, the Only Girl I Ever Loved."

"Good night!" he sighed to himself, and began to mop his brow with Snoozleums.

"You put it on my arm," said Kathleen, with a moonlight sigh, "and I've always worn it."

"Always?"

"Always! no matter whom I was engaged to."

The desperate wretch, who had not dared even to glance in Marjorie's direction, somehow thought he saw a straw of self-defense. "You were engaged to three or four others when I was at West Point"

"I may have been engaged to the others," said Kathleen, moon-eyeing him, "but I always liked you best, Clifford—er, Tommy—I mean Harry.'

'You got me at last."

Kathleen fenced back at this: "Well, I've no doubt you have had a dozen affairs since."

"Oh, no! My heart has only known one real love" He threw this over her head at Marjorie, but Kathleen seized it, to his greater confusion: "Oh, Harry, how sweet of you to say it It makes me feel positively faint," and she swooned his way, but he shoved a chair forward and let her collapse into that. Thinking and hoping that she was unconscious, he made ready to escape, but she caught him by the coat, and moaned: "Where am I?" and he growled back:

"In the Observation Car'"

Kathleen's life and enthusiasm returned without delay' 'Fancy meeting you again' I could just scream"

"So could I"

"You must come up in our car and see mamma"

"Is Mamamma with you?" Mallory stammered, on the verge of imbecility.

'Oh, yes, indeed, we're going around the world"

"Don't let me detain you."

"Papa is going round the world also"

'Is papa on this train, too?"

At last something seemed to embarrass her a trifle. "No, papa went on ahead. Mamma hopes to overtake him But papa is a very good traveler."

Then she changed the subject. "Do come and meet mamma. It would cheer her up so She is so fond of you Only this morning she was saying, Of all the boys you were ever engaged to, Kathleen, the one I like most of all was Edgar—I mean Clarence—er—Harry Mallory."

"Awfully kind of her."

"You must come and see her—she's some stouter now!"

"Oh, is she? Well, that's good."

Mallory was too angry to be sane, and too helpless to take advantage of his anger He wondered how he could ever have cared for this molasses and mucilage girl. He remembered now that she had always had these same cloying ways She had always pawed him and, like everybody but the pawers, he hated pawing.

It would have been bad enough at any time to have Kathleen hanging on his coat, straightening his tie, leaning close, smiling up in his eyes, losing him his balance, recapturing him every time he edged away. But with Marjorie as the grim witness it was maddening

He loathed and abominated Kathleen Llewellyn, and if she had only been a man, he could cheerfully have beaten her to a pulp and chucked her out of the window. But because she was a helpless little baggage he had to be as polite as he could while she sat and tore his plans to pieces, embittered Marjorie's heart against him, and either ended all hopes of their marriage, or furnished an everlasting rancor to be recalled in every quarrel to their dying day. Oh, etiquette, what injustices are endured in thy name!

So there he sat, sweating his soul's blood, and able only to spar for time and wonder when the gong would ring. And now she was off on a new tack:

"And where are you bound for, Harry, dear?"

"The Philippines," he said, and for the first time there was something beautiful in their remoteness.

"Perhaps we shall cross the Pacific on the same boat."

The first sincere smile he had experienced came to him: "I go on an army transport, fortu—unfortunately."

"Oh, I just love soldiers. Couldn't mamma and I go on the transport? Mamma is very fond of soldiers, too."

"I'm afraid it couldn't be arranged."

"Too bad, but perhaps we can stop off and pay you a visit. I just love army posts. So does mamma."

"Oh, do!"

"What will be your address?"

"Just the Philippines—just the Philippines."

"But aren't there quite a few of them?"

"Only about two thousand."

"[illegible] will you be on?"

"[illegible]e third from the left," said Mallory, who neither knew nor cared what he was saying. Marjorie had endured all that she could stand. She rose in a tightly leashed fury.

"I'm afraid I'm in the way"

Kathleen turned in surprise She had not noticed that anyone was near. Mallory went out of his head completely "Oh, don't go—for heaven's sake don't go," he appealed to Marjorie.

"A friend of yours?" said Kathleen, bristling.

"No, not a friend," in a chaotic tangle. "Mrs. — Miss—Miss—Er—er—er—"

Kathleen smiled: "Delighted to meet you, Miss Erer."

"The pleasure is all mine," Marjorie said, with an acid smile.

"Have you known Harry long?" said Kathleen, jealously, "or are you just acquaintances on the train?"

"We're just acquaintances on the train!"

"I used to know Harry very well—very well indeed"

"So I should judge. You won't mind if I leave you to talk over old times together?"

"How very sweet of you."

"Oh, don't mention it."

"But, Marjorie," Mallory cried, as she turned away. Kathleen started at the ardor of his tone, and gasped: "Marjorie! Then he—you—"

"Not at all—not in the least," said Marjorie

At this crisis the room was suddenly inundated with people. Mrs Whitcomb, Mrs. Wellington, Mrs. Temple and Mrs Fosdick, all trying to look like bridesmaids, danced in, shouting:

"Here they come! Make way for the bride and groom!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A Wedding on Wheels.

The commotion of the matrimony-mad women brought the men trooping in from the smoking room and there was much circumstance of decorating the scene with white satin ribbons, a trifle crumpled and dim of luster. Mrs. Whitcomb waved them at Mallory with a laugh:

"Recognize these?"

He nodded dismally. His own funeral baked meats were coldly furnishing forth a wedding breakfast for Ira Lathrop Mrs Wellington was moving about distributing kazoos and Mrs Temple had an armload of old shoes, some of which had thumped Mallory on an occasion which seemed so ancient as to be almost prehistoric.

Fosdick was howling to the porter to get some rice, quick!

"How many portions does you approximate?"

"All you've got"

"Boiled or fried?"

"Any old way" The porter ran forward to the dining car for the ammunition.

Mrs. Temple whispered to her husband: "Too bad you're not officiating, Walter." But he cautioned silence: "Hush! I'm on my vacation."

The train was already coming into Ogden. Noises were multiplying and from the increase of passing objects, the speed seemed to be taking on a spurt. The bell was clamoring like a wedding chime in a steeple.

Mrs. Wellington was on a chair fastening a ribbon round one of the lamps, and Mrs. Whitcomb was on another chair braiding the bell rope with withered orange branches, when Ashton, with kazoo all ready, called out:

"What tune shall we play?"

"I prefer the Mendelssohn Wedding March," said Mrs Whitcomb, but Mrs. Wellington glared across at her.

"I've always used the Lohengrin"

"We'll play 'em both," said Dr. Temple, to make peace

Mrs. Fosdick murmured to her spouse: "The old Justice of the Peace didn't give us any music at all," and received in reward one of his most luscious-eyed looks, and a whisper: "But he gave us each other"

"Now and then," she pouted.

"But where are the bride and groom?"

"Here they come—all ready," cried Ashton, and he beat time while some of the guests kazooed at Mendelssohn's and some Wagner's bridal melodies, and others just made a noise.

Ira Lathrop and Anne Gattle, looking very sheepish, crowded through the narrow corridor and stood shamefacedly blushing like two school children about to sing a duet.

The train jolted to a dead stop. The conductor called into the car: "Ogden! All out for Ogden!" and everybody stood watching and waiting.

Ira, seeing Mallory, edged close and whispered: "Stand by to catch the minister on the rebound."

But Mallory turned away. What use had he now for ministers? His plans were shattered ruins

The porter came flying in with two large bowls of rice, and shouting, "Here comes the 'possum—er—possom." Seeing Marjorie, he said: "Shall I perambulate Mista Snoozleums?"

She handed the porter her only friend and he hurried out, as a lean and professionally sad ascetic hurried in. He did not recognize his boyish enemy in the gray-haired, red-faced giant that greeted him, but he knew that voice and its gloating irony:

"Hello, Charlie"

He had always found that when Ira grinned and was cordial, some trouble was in store for him. He wondered what rock Ira held behind his back now, but he forced an uneasy cordiality: "And is this you, Ira? Well, well! It is yeahs since last we met And you're just getting married. Is this the first time, Ira?"

"First offense, Charlie"

The levity shocked [illegible] greater shock was in [illegible]

he inquired: "And who is the—er—happy—bride?" the triumphant Lathrop snickered: "I believe you used to know her. Anne Gattle."

This was the rock behind Ira's back, and Selby took it with a wince "Not—my old—"

'The same Anne, you remember, Charlie"

"Oh, yes," said Anne, "How do you do, Charlie?" And she put out a shy hand, which he took with one still shyer. He was so unsettled that he stammered: "Well, well, I had always hoped to marry you, Anne, but not just this way."

Lathrop cut him short with a sharp: "Better get busy—before the train starts And I'll pay you in advance before you set off the fireworks."

The flippancy pained Rev. Charles, but he was resuscitated by one glance at the bill that Ira thrust into his palm. If a man's gratitude for his wife is measured by the size of the fee he hands the enabling parson, Ira was madly in love with Anne. Rev. Charles had a reminiscent suspicion that it was probably a counterfeit, but for once he did Ira an injustice.

The minister was in such a flutter from losing his boyhood love, and gaining so much money all at once and from performing the marriage on a train, that he made numerous errors in the ceremony, but nobody noticed them, and the spirit, if not the letter of the occasion, was there and the contract was doubtless legal enough.

The ritual began with the pleasant murmur of the preacher's voice, and the passengers crowded round in a solemn calm, which was suddenly violated by a loud yelp of laughter from Wedgewood, who omitted guffaw after guffaw and bent double and opened out again, like an agitated umbrella.

The wedding-guests turned on him visages of horror, and hissed silence at him. Ashton seized him, shook him, and muttered:

"What the—what's the matter with you?"

The Englishman shook like a boy having a spasm of giggles at a funeral, and blurted out the explanation:

"That story about the bridegroom—I just saw the point!"

Ashton closed his jaw by brute force and watched over him through the rest of the festivity.

(Continued next week)

Hot Water Gingerbread.

One cup molasses, 2 tablespoons lard and butter melted, one-half cup boiling water. In sifter put one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon soda, scant teaspoon ginger, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon salt. Add to liquid mixture, stir and beat until smooth and bake in large thin sheet in moderate oven.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

Enos Southwick left Friday for Sheffield, Pa.

Miss Rachel Mayo was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer returned Monday from Buffalo.

Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Kane were in town Sunday.

John J. Miller of Buffalo was a visitor in town this week.

John Nelson of Bradford was a visitor in town on Tuesday.

A. L. Colegrove of Olean was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

Guy B. Mayo has returned from a business trip to Harrisburg.

Hon. H. H. North of Bradford was a caller at this office Saturday.

Miss Pierce of Arcade, N. Y., is visiting at the home of C. D. Comes.

John Smith and son of Clermont were Smethport visitors Tuesday.

Joe McCarty of Clearfield, Pa., is the guest of relatives in this place.

A. J. Axberg of Clermont was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Judge J. W. Bouton has returned from a business trip to Williamsport.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Chase left yesterday for a visit at New York city.

Dudley Keefer has returned home after a three years' absence in the West.

Mrs. W. H. Hungerford and son, Russell, were Port Allegany visitors Sunday.

W. H. Hungerford who has been at Harrisburg on business returned home Monday.

Miss Florence Bright of New Castle, Pa., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bright.

Mrs. Frank Dunbar of Olean is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Gerritt.

Editor Chas. O. Laymon of the Port Allegany Reporter had business in town on Tuesday.

Olan Goodsell of Salamanca was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Comes a few days last week.

Richard Hurley who is employed at Hazelhurst was down and passed Sunday with his family.

Mrs. F. W. Brownell and Mrs. G. H. Denning and daughter, Rita, were Bradford visitors Friday.

Mrs. Charles Pierson of Canandaigua is visiting at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick.

A. McKay of Washington, D. C., was the guest of Miss Margaret Curtis from Saturday until Monday.

Misses Iva Holder and Theo Freeman were the guests of Bradford friends Friday and Saturday.

Paul D. Hamlin, who has been visiting here for the past week, returned to his home in Chicago on Tuesday.

M. M. Gillett and H. H. Redfield returned Friday from Harrisburg where they attended the state convention.

J. B. Keefe, assistant general freight agent of the D., L. & W., is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Mary Keefe.

O. H. Miller of the Bradford Star-Record and Mercantile Appraiser Frank Potter were brief visitors in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Freeman Chadwick and daughter, Miss Juva, were at Crosby Thursday in attendance of the funeral of the late Mrs. Hilma Lindholm.

Mrs. James McGowan went to Buffalo yesterday morning where she enters a hospital for treatment. She was accompanied by Dr. John Clark.

Food Inspector Eugene McCann of Bradford was a brief visitor in town on Tuesday. "Gene" now sports a new Ford automobile in which he makes his trips.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove depart Sunday for Uniontown to attend the Grand Circle convention which is held at that place beginning the 14th inst. Mr. Colegrove is a delegate from this district, comprising Erie, Warren, McKean, Potter and Elk counties. Big "doins" Monday evening and Clare is going to be there.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending May 4, 1912

Bundy, Miss Ethel.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising. J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

The Frivolous One.

A frivolous person has a place in society. Keep on making fun, and the serious side may show itself in time. We must take folks as heaven made them.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES.

Dr. McClaran, the Bradford Osteopath, will answer calls to Smethport and if necessary will make regular days there twice a week. Telephone or by card. 3t

Subscribe for The Miner.

THE PLATFORM.

(Continued from Page 1.)

markets and the price of labor. It destroyed industrial competition and acquired monopoly in the necessaries of life. It arrogated to itself the power to levy an illegal tax upon the public, to wring tribute from the necessities of the people.

This rule of special privilege was builded:

On illicit favors from boss-controlled legislatures;

On the political power to select sympathetic judges; and

On the rulings of courts which viewed life through narrow legal formalism rather than in the broad spirit of social and economic justice.

The power of special privilege to dominate legislatures and to create or control courts came solely from the political boss. While the electorate had been still divided in politics exclusively on partisan lines, certain far-seeing politicians began to centralize the control of party government. Political parties had the right to make their own rules.

The party bosses perverted the honest purposes of the party caucus, the party primaries, the party convention and the party delegate system, and manipulated them to defeat honest party expression. The members of the party could no longer express its will through its representatives. The party boss, who controlled the political machinery, became the dictator of party policies and action.

The people's power, misused, was sold by the political boss to the corporate money power, thus creating the special privilege of to-day.

Again the recurring historic parallel. The guiding spirit of the American people had raised a Lincoln to destroy special privilege of his day. The same power now raises another leader, Theodore Roosevelt, fashioned by temperament, character and human experience to direct the battle against special privilege of our own time.

Pledge to Roosevelt.

Obeying the clear mandate of the Republican voters of Pennsylvania, we pledge our support to Theodore Roosevelt for the Republican nomination for President of the United States. And in compliance with that mandate we recommend as instrumentalities in the fight to restore the rule of the people certain measures advocated by Theodore Roosevelt and indorsed by the people of this State when they so sweepingly expressed their preference for him as their national leader.

We urge the adoption of the measures advocated by Theodore Roosevelt because we believe they will hasten in our own time another birth of freedom such as that of which Lincoln spoke. They will aid in the restoration of government of the people, for the people and by the people.

We believe that when an act passed under the police power of the State, is held unconstitutional under the State constitution by the courts, the people, after interval for deliberation, should have an opportunity to vote on the question whether they desire the act to become law. All acts resulting in conditions of employment, payment of wages in store orders, tenement house conditions and other acts designated to correct the more obvious social and economic injustices or to protect the health and safety of the citizens, are passed under the police power. The courts have the power to declare these acts unconstitutional, not only when they violate specific clauses of the State constitution, but also when the members of the court regard the act as contrary to their ideas of social justice. We recognize the value of this power in the courts when acts have been inconsiderately passed; but if, after due deliberation, the people desire, the act instead of attempting to amend the constitution, we believe the people should have the power to say whether the act is in or is not in accordance with their ideas of social justice, and shall or shall not become law.

By the adoption of this measure the irritation consequent on decisions by the courts, which have arrested much needed social reforms, will be, we believe, in great part done away with, and instead of undermining the confidence of the people in the courts, will go far to restore their confidence.

We believe in a simple, direct and short ballot, properly safeguarded to insure purity, as the easiest and most certain means of registering popular will.

We pledge the Republican party of Pennsylvania to such legislative and executive action as will:

Provide for the nomination by direct vote of all candidates for public offices;

Give the party members in each Congressional district and in the State at large the right by direct vote to record their choice for President and make the result binding on the delegates elected;

Enable the people by direct vote to indicate their choice for United States senator, and make the result binding on the members of the general assembly;

Define the purposes for which money may be contributed and spent in any general or primary election; limit the total expenditure; and, in addition to penalties for violations, make as a condition precedent to the right of taking office the grant of a certificate of election to be had only after due accounting and public audit; and,

Make the wilful violation of all laws governing elections felonies punishable by imprisonment.

We believe that our entire system of primary and general elections and laws governing and relating to the same should be recast.

Direct Vote for Senators.

We stand for the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people and an amendment to the National constitution to bring this about.

We pledge the party to the enactment of a comprehensive and effective public utilities law; to an employers' liability and workmen's compensation act; to whatever legislation may be necessary for the protection of women and children in industry, and to whatever measures will best check the surface caving in the mining regions of the States and fix responsibility therefor.

We pledge the party to continued generous support of the public schools and public charities; to liberal appropriations for the promotion and protection of public health, and especially for keeping up the fight against tuberculosis.

With a view to an equitable distribution of State appropriations to the eleemosynary institutions and the efficient expenditure of the same, we favor the creation of a Department of Charities.

We pledge the party to a pure food law which will prevent fraud and deception and prohibit the sale of debased, adulterated or misbranded goods.

We pledge the party to a system of road building which shall insure to the agricultural districts their full share of benefits. The State should apply its road appropriation to the dirt road as well as the macadam, both in construction and maintenance.

We urge the enactment of a law to stop the swindling of the people through the sale of stock in fraudulent corporations.

The government of cities must be given special attention. The single legislative body elected at large in cities of the second class should be continued and its operations carefully observed, as in important experiment in municipal policy. Metropolitan districts should be provided for the administration of metropolitan matters. Laws exempting corporate property from local taxation and from assessment for special benefits should be repealed and a revision of the present laws relating to the assessment and collection of county and city taxes should be considered.

We favor the constitutional and legal changes necessary to permit of the increase of city and county indebtedness of the erection of bridges, tunnels, subways, wharves, docks, sewers, streets and other public works when such improvements can be made self-supporting by the collection of tolls, charges or special benefit assessments.

We favor a law permitting the conveyance of title in fee to counties and cities under the power of eminent domain. We favor the enactment into law of the principle of excess condemnation under proper restrictions. We favor a revision of the law relating to the assessment of special benefits to make the same more just and equitable and in general we declare in favor of the enlargement of municipal powers.

So far as the reforms, to which we this day pledge the Republican party, are susceptible of being carried into effect by the legislative action, we demand that the next General Assembly shall pass appropriate legislation to that effect. So far as there may be constitutional obstacles to the immediate carrying out of such reforms, we pledge the Republican party and its representatives in the legislative and executive departments to the taking of immediate steps for the amendment of the State constitution, so that the will of the people, lawfully expressed, may be carried into legislative effect.

Tariff Revision.

We reaffirm our belief that the Republican national platform of 1908 expressed the true American doctrine on the subject of productive tariff. That is, that the duties should be based on the difference of cost of production in this country and abroad. We believe that the pledges of revision in that platform was a pledge for revision downward, and we hereby express our regret that such pledge was not kept to the people.

We demand such national legislation on the currency as will decentralize control of the nation's money and commercial credit, just as we demand the decentralization of control in party government.

We commend to the State and the National government the policy of the conservation of natural resources, as laid down by that eminent son of Pennsylvania, Gifford Pinchot, and vitalized by Theodore Roosevelt when he was President.

Particularly do we deem it advisable for the State of Pennsylvania to take a firm grip upon its water problems. Transportation, flood prevention, reclamation, sewerage, water power and other incidents of water flow are questions of extreme importance to the commonwealth. While these questions present different aspects from the national, the State and the municipal viewpoints, their solution cannot be adequately and results effected except by some plan of harmonious and co-operative action. The State of Pennsylvania, standing as it does between the federal government and multitudinous demands pressing upon it, and the counties and municipalities with their limited power, must take the lead in the preparation of a comprehensive plan of development.

We pledge the enactment of laws permitting and providing for joint action and joint contribution of funds for these purposes. We pledge immediate state appropriations for the improvement of the Delaware river and the port of Philadelphia, and for flood prevention in the western part of the State. We further pledge immediate State appropriations for complete surveys of a canal between the Ohio river and Lake Erie and favor legislation providing for joint action on the part of the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia in the planning, construction and operation of this great project.

Progressive Program.

We urge a program of progressive government action. Nothing else will still the widespread and menacing unrest. Social and industrial justice must be made the rule and not the exception. Contentment of the people, which rests upon their well being, will alone in the long run make property secure. This is an irrespressible conflict. It cannot be evaded. To temporize with it is to invite great national peril.

Laws for social and industrial justice must be enacted to square with modern economic conditions. The people no longer are held tightly by party ties. Already the dangerous doctrine of Socialism is looked upon with favor by millions of our people as the only hope for relief or for revenge. Socialism grows upon social and economic injustice, and upon nothing else. Give to the masses that justice to which they are entitled and Socialism in America will cease to be a threatening factor in our civilization.

We do not favor confiscation. We do not favor a "redistribution" of wealth. We reject the principle that all shall be rewarded equally. But, most strongly, do we demand a restoration and a continuance in this country of equal opportunity for all and special privilege for none.

Great private fortunes were made, in large part, under almost universally sanctioned business practices which our awakened social and economic senses now condemn. But all we ask is, that the possessors of these fortunes shall be restrained from using their immense power, against the public good. And, we sincerely believe, that in the future great fortunes will be safeguarded and conserved in the same degree in which their possessors will have ceased to use them in the spirit of social and industrail injustice.

The situation bears an ominous likeness to that of Lincoln's day. It is the conflict between human rights and special privilege, and Lincoln stated the case exactly when he said, in the course of his debate with Douglas:

"That is the real issue. That is the issue which will continue in this country when the poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time. The one is the common right of humanity; the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says 'you toil and work and earn bread and I'll eat it.'

"No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who destroys the people of his own nation, lives by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race—it is the same tyrannical principle."

We believe that the Republican party of to-day, as in the days of Lincoln, is the party of progress, the party of social and economic justice. This justice can be achieved only by helping so far as government can help all the conditions of life and work. It applies to men and women, who work and live in the crowded centers of industry, and who need the arm of the law about them to potect them against the aggressions of insensate wealth. It applies equally to the men and women on the farms who need that same protecting arm against the coming forces that combine to rob them of the products of their toil.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania have spoken their sentiments in unmistakable terms. Into them has been breathed the spirit of their new leader, Theodore Roosevelt, and their aspirations may be well expressed in his words:

Quotes from Roosevelt.

"Our task as Americans is to strive for social and industrial justice, achieved through the genuine rule of the people. This is our end, our purpose. The methods for achieving the end are merely expedients, to be finally accepted or rejected, according as experience shows that they work well or ill.

"We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust of golden hopes of men. If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do as little if we merely set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us.

"To turn this government either into government by a plutocracy or government by a mob would be to repeat on a larger scale the lamentable failures of the world that is dead. We stand against all tyranny, by the few or by the many. We stand for the rule of the many in the interest of all of us, for the rule of the many in the spirit of courage, or common sense, of high purpose, above all in a spirit of kindly justice toward every man and every woman.

"We not merely admit but insist that there must be self-control on the part of the people, that they must keenly perceive their own duties as well as the right of others; but we also insist that the people can do nothing unless they not merely have, but exercise to the full, their own rights. The worth of our great experiment depends upon its being in good faith an experiment—the first that has ever been tried—in true democracy on the scale of a continent, on a scale as vast as that of the mightiest empires of the Old World.

"Surely this is a noble ideal, an ideal for which it is worth while to strive, an idea for which, indeed, it is worth while to sacrifice much; for our deal is the rule of all the people in a spirit of friendliest brotherhood toward each and every one of the people."

Prompt Treatment for Colds.

A child's cold should be treated directly it makes an appearance, and in this way it will be prevented very often from becoming really bad. Give the little one a hot bath, dry him quickly and put him into bed, and then let him have some hot milk to sip. See that he does not throw the bed clothes off while he is perspiring after this treatment. Rub his chest and back with camphorated oil in the morning and at night.

In Some Instances.

"I see by the papers," says the man with the difficult whiskers, "that it is claimed to be no crime to pay a legislator for voting for a United States senator." "Well," replied the man with the double chin, "when you size up some of those senators it seems as if a man was entitled to good pay for voting for them, doesn't it?"—Life.

Advertise in The Miner.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Esther A. Parker, deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of Esther A. Parker, late of Keating Township, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to O. T. Chase, C. T. A., residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make the same known without delay.

O. T. CHASE, C. T. A.
East Smethport Pa., April 25, 1912-6t.

WASHING SILK CLOSE

WHITE ONES MUST BE DEALT WITH BY THEMSELVES.

Soap Jelly, Freshly Prepared, the Best to Use—Some Minor Points, That Mean Much, Well to Keep in the Memory.

When the washing and ironing of silk is so easily done there is probably nothing so practical and useful as the silk waists. When preparing to wash silk waists separate them into colors, putting the white ones alone. Soap jelly is easily prepared, and is a valuable help. It should not be kept for longer than a week, as it soon loses its strength.

Have ready three bowls of lukewarm water, and into two of them place some of the soap jelly. In the first bath plunge the waist, having the right side uppermost. Squeeze the soapy water gently through the fabric, keeping it well under the water, and paying special attention to the neck, wristbands and armholes. When the waist is well washed in the first water squeeze the water out of it. Never wring the garment. Turn it on the wrong side and repeat the process of washing in the second bath of soapy water. Squeeze when well washed. Shake and rinse in clean, warm water to remove the soap. Then rinse in cold water, and if possible in running water. In order to make white silk a good color rinse in blue water. Silk must be ironed while quite damp or it will have a rough, unfinished appearance. Use a moderately hot iron and place a piece of muslin between it and the right side of the silk. It has been found that a hot iron yellows silk and gives a crimped, rough appearance. Iron the silk to give it a good gloss. Lace trimmings on the waist should always be ironed on the wrong side, as lace is never supposed to have a gloss.

To Renovate a Black Coat.

To freshen and renovate the black coat which is perfectly good for further wear but lacking in freshness, brush it thoroughly hung on a line, or better, on a coat form against a wall in the outside air. After every speck of superficial dust has thus been removed, take a soft cloth of some black material, dip it in half a pint of gasoline, squeeze it a little and quickly go over the whole coat, rubbing lightly and paying special attention to any marks which may show on the cloth. Leave the coat in the outer air for some hours, that every trace of the gasoline odor may disappear; then, should any rusty marks show along the seam, or any glossy places be visible, sponge with a pint of strong coffee (clear) containing a teaspoonful of ammonia. When nearly dry press on the wrong side with a hot iron, or on the right side, using a cloth under the iron. The coat will be wonderfully freshened by this treatment.

Starch Which Does Not Stick.

Straining starch is so troublesome; make starch that requires no straining. This is the way: Put on sufficient clean water in a wide pan, and let it come to a hard boil. Meantime mix up your starch in cold water to the consistency of thick cream, taking care there are no lumps. When the water boils remove it from the fire and instantly stir into it the mixed starch. Keep stirring till it looks clear—the heat of the water will cook it without making a lump. A very little lard, a quarter teaspoonful to the gallon of cooked starch, makes things iron a little smoother. But with or without, starch made thus does not stick to the iron. It is worth while, though, to rub the iron lightly over a parafined cloth, to prevent any possibility of smutting.

More Than Two.

"There are always two sides to a question."

"That used to be the accepted idea," replied Senator Sorghum; "but the number of parties formed to take up different sides would indicate that the modern question as a rule is at least hexagonal."

Automobile Bargains

We have the largest stock of Used and Second-hand Automobiles in Western New York:

Oaklands, Oldsmobiles, Cadillacs, Reos, Hudsons, Fords, Stoddard-Daytons, Regals, Maxwells, Buicks, Pontiacs, Overlands and Many Others

TOURING CARS

FOUR, FIVE AND SEVEN-PASSENGER.

RUNABOUTS

TWO AND THREE-PASSENGER.

Trucks and Delivery Cars

1,000 LBS. UP

ALL MAKES -- ALL MODELS

Thoroughly overhauled, refinished and ready to demonstrate

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